SHOOTING SCRIPT

April 30, 1951.

PRODUCTION #1912

THE QUIET MAN

Screenplay by Frank S. Nugent

From the short story "Green Rushes"
by Maurice Walsh.

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DELUXE

by

Maurice Walsh

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1. MAIN TITLE. BEHIND the TITLE and the CREDITS there will be a series of shots in and around Galway, which the director knows like the back of his hand -- the same back of the hand which this writer would get if he risked suggesting the shots.

OVER THE TITLE AND CREDITS will be heard a soft Irish baritone singing NEW GALWAY BAY.

FADE IN:

2. EXT. THE GALWAY-CLIFDEN TRAIN: (DAY) LONG

This is a "darlin'," picturesque little train which follows a causeway and can be silhouetted against the sky. It has a tin whistle, an interesting driving shaft and a puffing stack; and it whistles, drives and puffs all in rhythm with a gay and lilting tune.

3. INT. THIRD CLASS COMPARTMENT OF SAME TRAIN: MED.CLOSE

On a MOTHER with a boy about 5 and a little girl of 4. The little girl sits nearest the window. The youngsters have no eyes for the passing scenery, but are staring with the innocent and unabashed fascination of children at the man who sits opposite.

4. INT. THIRD CLASS COMPARTMENT OF TRAIN: ANGLE

On SEAN THORNTON, as he scans every detail of the passing countryside with kindling eyes and a happy smile.

(Sean Thornton is in his late thirties, a big man with a light tread, an easy smile and the gift of silence. His biography can be briefly written. Born in Inisfree, he was fatherless at 4. An uncle in America sent for the mother and himself. She died when he was 12. From that time forward he had to fend for himself -- newsboy, sweeper, laborer, stoker, steel puddler, boxer, contender, near-champion and then -- killer of a man in the prize-ring. A different killing this than in the war in which Sean had served. So "Trooper" Thorn hung up his gloves, counted his ring-earnings and bethought himself wistfully of his mother's somewhat-idealized recollections of their native Inisfree. Now to Ireland he is returning, a Quiet Man seeking forgetfulness of all the wars of the human spirit.)

Sean turns and his smile becomes embarrassed before the unwinking stares of the children. His thumb jerks at the scenery.

SEAN

Nice...real nice.

5. INT. THIRD CLASS COMPARTMENT OF TRAIN: ANGLE

On all. The woman smiles slightly and nods. The little girl shyly burrows her head against the mother, but the boy plucks at her sleeve and whispers into her inclined ear. (He is asking if he might give the stranger an apple.) She hesitates, then nods. The boy reaches into a wicker hamper on the floor near his legs, takes an apple, carefully polishes it on his sleeve.

Sean, meanwhile, has turned again to look out of the window. Suddenly he is conscious of the small boy standing before him -- holding an apple out on his flat palm, holding it high as though feeding a horse. The boy partly opens his own mouth in expectation of the gulp. Almost hypnotically, Sean leans forward -- his mouth opening. The mother's voice stops him.

MOTHER: (to boy)

Musha now! You are nct feeding a horse!

The boy bethinks himself and proffers the apple properly. Somewhat relieved, Sean accepts it.

SEAN:

Why thank you, thanks a lot.

They all turn as the CONDUCTOR comes along.

CONDUCTOR:

Castletown! Castletown!

Sean whips a glance through the window, then gets to his feet. The heads of both children crane up and up, marveling at the height of the man. He swings a rolled-up sleeping bag and a well-worn leather bag from the rack, tosses a tweed topcoat over his shoulder, puts on his cap. As the train slows, he grins at the little boy, tosses the apple in the air, catches it and with a wink shoves it into a pocket -- a sort of promise that he'll save it for later. Then he towsles the lad's hair and smiles at the mother.

SEAN:

Nice kids ... well, so long!

MOTHER: (gently)

A soft day to you, sir.

6. EXT. STATION CASTLETOWN:

With the train at the platform and Sean swinging eagerly from his compartment to the platform. He looks around him with fresh-eyed curiosity.

7. EXT. STATION CASTLETOWN: REVERSE ANGLE

As the Camera studies the faces and the sights that meet Sean's eye. Among them we may see an old woman with a basket of fish, a young man with a greyhound held tight to its leash, a few children scampering up to study the locomotive, porters trundling boxes and crates, passengers boarding or alighting from the train.

8. EXT. ALONG THE TRAIN AND PLATFORM: FULL

As Sean starts up along the train toward the locomotive. Men and women look at him with friendly curiosity -- a man set apart from the rest of them by his dress and height. He comes to a pause beside the CONDUCTOR.

SEAN:

Say, how do I get to Inisfree?

CONDUCTOR:

Inisfree? Oh, that'd be five miles and a half over.., a good stretch o' the legs...Now do ye see that road there?

SEAN: (nodding)

Yeah.

CONDUCTOR:

Well, don't take it! It'll do ye no good at all!

The conductor starts forward, with Sean beside him. The STATIONMASTER joins them -- a man with whom the conductor has a long-standing feud. The conductor gives him the bearest flick of a salute and continues leading Sean forward, toward the locomotive, the better to point out directions. THE CAMERA MOVES before them.

CONDUCTOR: (continuing)

The best way to Inisfree ... and many a walk I've walked there ... is ...

STATIONMASTER: (breaking in)

Ah, so it's Inisfree he wants! Be savin' your breath, Mister Malouney, let me direct the gentleman.

(directly to Sean)

Happen ye know the way to Knockanore?

CONDUCTOR: (angrily - coming to a halt)

And if he knew the way to Knockanore, would he be havin' to ask the way to Inisfree, and it just beyond?

STATIONMASTER: (defensively)

There's many knows Knockanore that doesn't know Inisfree ... and if ye'd take the time to read your country's history, Mister Malouney, ye'd be the first to admit it...

The imperative whistle of the locomotive drowns out most of the last sentence and they all turn to look. By this time, other onlookers have gathered around -- the FISHWOMAN among them.

9. EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM-INCLUDING CAB OF LOCOMOTIVE

The ENGINE DRIVER and his helper are leaning out the cab window, obviously having overheard the conversation. The driver gives over his signalling.

DRIVER:

Don't be sending the poor man to Knockanore... It's fished out entirely! ... What're ye after, Yank, the trout or the salmon.

SEAN:

All I want is to get to Inisfree.

DRIVER: (happily)

Now ye're bein' sensible ... No better fishin' anywhere!

The driver hops nimbly from his cab and joins the group.

FISHWOMAN: (nodding)

True for ye there, Mister Costello!

DRIVER:

Trout the length o' yer arm! Salmon! The last one I took I expected Jonah to pop out of his mouth! ... Ah, Inisfree! I'd be takin' ye there meself but for havin' to drive the train.

(to all)

Did I tell ye about the fine trout I was into two Sundays before last?

SEAN: (hopefully)

At Inisfree?

DRIVER:

Not a word of it! ... 'Twas at Ballykill... in the opposite direction entirely.

10. INT. CASTLETOWN PUB: MED.

A small man, pine-pot of porter in his fist, is staring off in Sean's direction. This is MICHAELEEN FLYNN -- an impish man, bibulous, contumacious, loquacious and imperturbable. He is master of all trades, none of which he follows. It can be said of him that he has his nose in everything, his heart in the right place and his mouth -- by preference -- in a large glass of potstill.

Michaeleen takes a last hasty sup, to drain the pot -- reaches back within the pub to dispose of it -- and then, licking and wiping his mouth, starts across the street in the direction of the altercation -- or whatever it is the Yankee visitor is involved in.

11. EXT. ALONG TRAIN AND PLATFORM - NEAR LOCOMOTIVE: GROUP SHOT

FISHWOMAN: (helpfully to Sean)

My sister's third one does be livin' at Inisfree...she'd be happy to show you the road an' she was here.

CONDUCTOR: (ignoring her -- to Sean)

Do ye see that signpost with the long arm pointin'?

STATIONMASTER:

Ye know very well it's been turned about!

CONDUCTOR: (hotly)

I was coming to that, Hugh Bailey!

And this is where Michaeleen enters the scene and takes command.

MICHAELEEN: (softly)

Excuse me, but did I hear some small mention of Inisfree?

12.) EXT.ALONG TRAIN AND PLATFORM-NEAR LOCOMOTIVE:ANOTHER ANGLE
13.)

FAVORING Michaeleen.

SEAN: (resignedly)

You sure did.

Together. (CONDUCTOR: I was about to... DRIVER: Since it's fishin' ... STATIONMASTER: Knockanore...)

Michaeleen winces and holds up his hands for silence.

MICHAELEEN: (softly but firmly)

Mister Costello, why don't you go back to your little train...? And you too, Malouney... Good day to ye, Hugh! ... Away, now, away!

Without another word, but like small boys in the headmaster's presence, the men nod and back away -- and the little knot of bystanders scurries off. Sean shows his surprise and looks with interest and amused respect at the placid Michaeleen who is now casually loading a short pipe.

SEAN:

Top dog, huh?... What <u>are</u> you, the local flyweight?

MICHAELEEN:

Flynn's the name ... Michaeleen Flynn... I'm pleased to make yer acquaintance, mister... mister?

He extends his hand. Sean gives him a look of sudden interest, but then becomes quite casual and almost absently takes his hand.

SEAN:

Thanks, Mickey ... same here ... Look! You wouldn't know the road to Inisfree, would you?

MICHAELEEN:

And why wouldn't I after travellin' it, boy 'n man, in fair weather n' foul, in the bright o' dawn 'n the dusk of eve, in the blaze o' noon 'n the dark o' night. Who says I wouldn't?

SEAN: (with Christian resignation)

Not I, Mickey....

He stoops and picks up his bag and starts away in the direction of the signpost.

SEAN: (continuing)

But I want to get there before dark... so...

CAMERA MOVES as they start across the platform and to the street. Michaeleen tags alongside Sean, carefully studying him.

MICHAELEEN:

It's not many visitors we get at Inisfree..

SEAN:

That's good.

MICHAELEEN:

An' the fishin's not what it was ten years ago....

SEAN: (not at all interested)

That's too bad.

MICHAELEEN:

Somehow ye've not the look of the typical American tourist ... From Boston, was it?

SEAN:

Pittsburgh.

MICHAELEEN:

Ah now... Think of that... All the way from Pittsburgh, Massachusetts... That's a fine coat yer carrying...

He fingers it.

SEAN:

Imported English tweed, the man said.

Michaeleen pulls his fingers away as tho from a hot stove.

MICHAELEEN:

I misdoubt it'll keep out the rain of Inisfree... A rainy place Inisfree.

SEAN:

I like rain.

MICHAELEEN:

I feel a drop comin' on.

Sean pauses and extends a hand, palm-up, to the sky. There is no trace. He looks dubiously at Michaeleen. Michaeleen points down the street to a public house.

MICHAELEEN:

A drop of Joe Dillon's good malt whisky, just by way of a welcome?

SEAN:

Some other time ... I want to get to Inisfree while it's still daylight.

MICHAELEEN: (wheedling)

The sun'll be proud for another five hours yet.

Their progress has brought them to where a jaunting cart stands.

SEAN:

I've a long walk ahead of me.

MICHAELEEN: (chuckling)

Ye mean ye've a short walk behind ye ... From here on Himself will do the walkin' for the whole of us ... Climb on, man, climb on!

SEAN: (happily)

Well, what do you know -- a sidecar! Thanks, Mickey.

MICHAELEEN:

Not at all...but me name's Michaeleen, if ye've no strenuous objections.

Sean clambers aboard the car, Michaeleen takes the reins and they start down the street.

14. EXT. CASTLETOWN STREET: FULL

The sidecar comes down at a good clip for about ten yards and then comes to a stop in front of a pub.

MICHAELEEN: (hopefully)

Just one for the road?

Sean shakes his head. Michaeleen sighs and whips up again. They go perhaps another ten yards. There is another pub. The car stops. Michaeleen's pantomime does the rest. Is the Yank sure he won't have one? The Yank seems sure. Away they go, down the street, and around the corner.

15.) EXT. COUNTRYSIDE:
thru)
19.) SERIES OF SHOTS (Covering the sidecar's trip to Inisfree.)

(NOTE: The director intends to take dramatic liberties and play the countryside for all it is worth -- with one shot in Killarney, another in Clare, a third in Galway, one passing the ruins of MUCKROSS CASTLE, etc.)

INTERCUT with these scenic shots will be studies of Sean's face -- the face of a kid at Christmas as he sees, on every side, the realization of all his dreams of Ireland.

The final shot in the series will be:

CRESTING A HILL:

CLOSE ON SEAN AND MICHAELEEN:

SEAN:

Stop here a minute, will you!

Michaeleen reins in, a little puzzled by Sean's manner.

20. EXT. CREST OF HILL: FULL

Sean jumps down and slowly walks to the hillcrest. He looks off and almost reverentially removes his cap. His face is transfigured.

21. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE: LONG

As serene an Irish Village as might be found, with the play of shadows on its cobbled streets and rooftops, a river or brook running by; stone fences and the dappled fields and cottages beyond.

22. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE: CLOSE

On Sean. His face softens as he stares enraptured at the scene before him -- thinking of his mother and the stories she told him of this same Inisfree which he can only remember dimly from his brief childhood.

WOMAN'S VOICE: (softly)

Don't you remember it, Seaneen, and how it was?

23. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE: LONG

And the CAMERA SLOWLY PANS TO ILLUSTRATE.

WOMAN'S VOICE: (continuing)

The road led up past the chapel and it wound and it wound -- and there was the field where Dan Tobin's bull chased you... and on across the brook it went and there was our little cottage...all white it was with a fine thatch roof that your own father, God rest him...

MICHAELEEN'S VOICE: (a mood-shattering interruption)

That'll be the pub down there to the right.

24. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE: CLOSE TWO SHOT

Michaeleen has joined Sean at the hillcrest. Sean briefly averts his head, to touch a finger to the corner of his eye.

MICHAELEEN:

No, over that way.

SEAN: (pointing)

That little place on the other side of the brook ... who owns it now?

MICHAELEEN:

That one? The Widow Tillane, not that she lives there.

For once Michaeleen is at a loss for words. His jaw hangs open.

MICHAELEEN: (stammering)

But ... but why would a Yank ... a Yank from Pittsburgh, Massachusetts ... want to buy ...

SEAN: (heartily)

I'll tell ya why ... Michaeleen Oge Flynn... young small Michael Flynn!

(and Michaeleen's eyes bug)

...who used to wipe my runny nose when I was a kid! ... Because my name is Sean Thornton and I was born up there in that little cottage called White o' Mornin' -- and seven generations of Thorntons before me ... and I've come home ,and here I'm going to live the rest of my life... and no Red Will, or Black Jack Danaher is going to stop me. Now does that answer your questions once and for all, you nosy little man?

SEAN:

Think she'd sell it?

MICHAELEEN: (doubtfully)

I doubt it! ... Red Will Danaher's had his eye on it these ten years or more ... Had his eye on the widow, too, far as that goes ... He'll get it -- and her too -- one o' these days.

Sean turns and starts back to the cart.

SEAN:

Don't bet on it.

25. EXT. CREST OF HILL - AT CART: ANOTHER ANGLE

As Sean prepares to board and Michaeleen follows.

MICHAELEEN: (puzzled)

Ye thinking of offerin' on it yerself?

SEAN: (matter-of-factly)

Nope ... I'm buying it.

MICHAELEEN: (broken - yet laughing)

Seaneen ... Seaneen Thornton ...

(his hand indicates the height of a toddling child)

... I ... I ...

He pumps Sean's hand furiously. Then he stands back and looks at Sean -- from toe to top.

MICHAELEEN: (continuing, in honest awe)

Saints preserve us ... what do they feed you Irishmen in Pittsburgh?

SEAN: (grimly)

Steel, Michael Oge! Steel an' pigiron ... furnaces so hot a man loses his fear of hell ... And when he's tough enough and hard enough ... other things, Michaeleen ... other things.

The two stand silent a long moment. Then Michaeleen, his head nodding solemnly, slowly boards the sidecar and Sean as thoughtfully climbs up beside him.

26. EXT. CREST OF HILL: FULL

Michaeleen swings the sidecar around and they start down the hill.

27. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE: ANOTHER ANGLE

A curving stretch of road, with a low stone fence bordering it. Behind the stone fence in the near distance is a dark-clothed man, with something furtive in his manner as he semaphores Michaeleen with a silver-headed blackthorn stick.

28. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE: ANGLE

On Sean and Michaeleen, as they spot the man. Sean is puzzled, but not Michaeleen. He starts reining in.

29. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - AT STONE FENCE: FULL

As the sidecar comes to a stop near the black-garbed figure of none other than the parish priest, FATHER JOHN LONERGAN.

Lonergan is a stern but kindly man. He is at most times elegantly dressed in a typical short frock coat, modish black hat, severly tailored clerical bib, stout trousers and heavy-soled shoes. His one affectation is his silver-headed walking stick.

Michaeleen doffs his cap, with Sean following suit.

MICHAELEEN:

Good day, Father...Sean, meet Father Lonergan... Father, would you believe it, this is Sean Thornton...born right here in Inisfree...and come home from America.

SEAN: (trying to stand in the cart)

Hello, Father.

Lonergan motions him not to stand as he comes thru a break in the fence.

LONERGAN:

Ah yes ... I knew your people, Sean ... The grandfather ... in Australia he died ... in a penal colony it was ... Your father ... a good man... A bad accident that... And your mother?

SEAN:

She's dead ... America... I was twelve.

LONERGAN:

I will remember her in the mass tomorrow, Sean... You will be there ... at seven?

SEAN: (uncomfortably)

Well, I ...

(accepting it)

Sure ... at seven.

LONERGAN: (change of mood)

Good! ... Sean, I would have a word with Michaelcen... It is in reference...

The poor man stops, realizing he has come close to putting a lie on his soul.

SEAN:

Sure thing, Father...

Sean hops down.

LONERGAN: (still a bit conscience-stricken)

It will not take a minute ... It is only a matter of ... of ...

He bogs down again.

MICHAELEEN: (rescuing him)

Sean understands, Father... Sure in America it's always business before the pleasure.

SEAN: (starting away)

Take your time ... I'll be down the line.

Lonergan looks after him gratefully, then comes closer to Michaeleen.

LONERGAN:

How do I stand in your books, Michaeleen?

Michaeleen pulls out a tattered pocket ledger.

MICHAELEEN:

Let me see now... Here it is... three pounds, eight shillings and six-pence...less the two shillings ye lost on Mad Hatter Friday last.

LONERGAN:

Devil take him for going wide on the far turn.

He blesses himself by way of apology.

MICHAELEEN:

Which leaves three pounds, six-and-six.

LONERGAN: (almost wringing his hands)

And poor Dermot Fahy making the stations six nights a week, praying for a new fiddle! ... Ah, he's a faithful lad.

MICHAELEEN:

He is that.

LONERGAN: (needing all the assurance he can get)

And he has been doing his part...? putting his shillings aside ... not scattering them at the pub.

MICHAELEEN: (stoutly)

Devil a scatter...ah, maybe a pint now and again...

Lonergan holds up his hand. He doesn't want to weaken.

LONERGAN:

Then half a crown on Ard-Ri in the steeplechase today.

MICHAELEEN: (impressed)

Half a crown!

LONERGAN: (jaw firm, eyes aloft)

Make it a crown... now I had best go say my beads.

And he stomps off while Michaeleen, with doleful face -- for he has misgivings about Ard-Ri -- enters the item in his ledger.

30. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE: FULL

Sean is sauntering down the road, smilingly taking in the view and munching his apple. He reaches a place where he pauses and puts one foot up on the stone wall bordering the road -- and rests there a minute looking out at Inisfree.

Then there is a rustling and trampling in the shrubbery --the excited barking of dogs, the near-distant calling -- in Gaelic -- of a woman's voice.

31. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE: REVERSE ANGLE

PAST Sean TOWARD the sheep. As Sean is all but smothered in a cloud of dust kicked up by a drove of sheep being herded across the road by a pair of hard-working dogs.

32. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - AT STONE WALL: CLOSER ANGLE

A barefoot, bare-legged gal nimbly hops the lower stones of the half-broken-down fence and stands poised a brief moment on the top of the fence. Completely engrossed in her sheep and her dogs, she has not seen the sidecar -- and, as she scolds and cajoles her charges, she provides a picture of fresh, unspoiled and completely natural beauty. The gal's name is MARY KATE DANAHER, a spinster of possibly 27 -- unlikely as that must seem to American audiences, but somewhat more credible in rural Ireland, where marriage comes late and frequently depends on other elements than romance.

33. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - AT STONE WALL: CLOSE

On Sean, reacting to this pleasurable sight as any sighted man would -- the apple forgotten in his hand.

34. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - AT STONE WALL: ANGLE

On girl. As she leaps from the wall to the dusty road, half-turning as she does, her full skirts ballooning a happy trifle -- enough at least to make her acutely conscious of them as she finds herself beneath the stare of the tall stranger. So instinctively, one hand whips the errant skirt down, the other goes to her breast and she breaths a startled prayer or imprecation in Gaelic.

And with that, she scampers across the road, hops a little foot-high barrier ... and then comes to the briefest of pauses in the shrubbery. She looks back -- with wide-eyed interest -- at Sean.

35. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - AT STONE WALL: CLOSE

On Sean. He is openly smiling now and at her -- for good reason.

36. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - AT STONE WALL: CLOSE

On the girl. She smiles back, a friendly -- perhaps even a flirtatious -- smile, and she calls a greeting.

MARY KATE: (in Gaelic)

A bright good day to you!

And with that she is off, after her dogs and her sheep.

37. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - AT STONE WALL: CLOSE

On Sean, still staring after her. Suddenly Michaeleen's laugh breaks the spell. Sean turns.

38. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - AT STONE WALL: MED.

Michaeleen is looking after the girl, still amused at her impact on Sean. As Sean climbs aboard the cart:

SEAN:

Now don't tell me she was real .. she couldn't be.

MICHAELEEN:

Think nothin' of it ... It's what ye might call a mee-raj brought on by my dreadful thirst!

And once more the whip flicks and the sidecar moves off.

39. EXT. MAIN STREET INISFREE: FULL

As the sidecar enters the village. The main street is cobbled. There is a Celtic stone cross in the small square fronting the modest hotel with its adjoining bar. The hotel has a most impressive name for its size: THE SARSFIELD ARMES, Pat Cohan, prop.

The arrival of the visitor arouses considerable curiosity. Men and women turn. Here and there a head goes out a window or someone comes to a door.

Prominent among the citizens is an old gaffer, DAN TOBIN, who sits on a stool by his doorway, one hand clutching a stick, the other rocking a cradle. Dan, it must be mentioned, has an aversion to all men in uniform -- especially if the uniform is a peeler's. No constable ever passes his door without his darting out into the road to pick up a clod and try to hurl it. His daughter lives always with one eye out for just such a contingency -- and she usually manages to get there before the clod is thrown.

And, now, as the sidecar enters the main street, we hear:

NARRATOR:

And so Sean Thornton came home to Inisfree.

40. EXT. COTTAGE: FULL

FAVORING Dan Tobin, drowsing in the afternoon sun.

NARRATOR: (continuing)

A peaceful little village, drowsing under the sun...

Old Dan, with sharp and curious eyes, stares after the sidecar. Up the street, on his bicycle, comes SERGEANT HANAN, the local constable. No sooner has he passed, than Dan -- with surprising nimbleness -- is off his stool and out after a clod. His doughty right arm goes back, but his daughter gets there in time -- and leads the old man back to his cradle.

NARRATOR: (continuing, same tones)

...with nothing to disturb its quaint serenity.

41. EXT. MAIN STREET INISFREE: ANGLE

On Sean, looking right and left with interest.

NARRATOR: (continuing)

The old houses, the cobbled streets...

42. EXT. MAIN STREET INISFREE: ANGLE

On houses. A few people coming curiously to their doors or windows.

NARRATOR: (continuing)

The friendly faces...it was all as he had dreamed it.

43. EXT. THE SQUARE AND THE HOTEL: FULL

As the sidecar rolls on and comes to a stop in front of the hotel.

NARRATOR: (continuing)

In the square is the centuries-old Celtic cross which has stood unchanged through wars and rebellions ... and across from it a well-known hostelry.

44. EXT. INISFREE: ANGLE

At hotel. Sean is dismounting, staring with interest at the hotel. Over the door its sign is seen.

NARRATOR: (continuing)

The Sarsfield Arms -- owned and managed by Pat Cohen.

Michaeleen comes over to stand beside Sean and follows the direction of his gaze.

MICHAELEEN: (to Sean, but actually answering the Narrator)

Over here we pronounce it Co-HAN!

And he leads the way into the hotel, steering Sean past the smiling, nodding men on the threshold.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

45. EXT. CHAPEL OF ST. ANSELM: (EARLY MORNING) FULL

(NOTE: This could be a cover shot for bad weather.)

It is a week day morning -- raining or misty like as not... and Father Lonergan's morning service has only a small attendance. The mass has ended and a few shawled women are leaving -- some of them embrella'd against the weather.

46. INT. VESTIBULE OF THE CHURCH:

A holy water font stands next the front door. Emerging from the chapel proper, Sean dawdles near the font -- with a trace of expectance in his manner as he watches the inner door. A few women emerge and pass him, nodding as they do, and pausing to dip their fingers in the font before going out, blessing themselves.

Mary Kate Danaher is almost the last to emerge. She is wearing a Galway cloak. After one swift look at Sean, she hurries toward the door.

Sean beats her to the font.

47. INT. VESTIBULE OF THE CHURCH: CLOSE

At font. Sean cups his hand in the water and holds it just above the surface. Mary Kate looks at him swiftly -- a bit taken aback. But there is nothing impertinent in his manner.

SEAN: (respectfully)

Good morning.

Mary Kate makes no reply, but allows her fingers to touch the water in his cupped hand, quickly blesses herself and hurries wordlessly through the door. Sean is plainly disappointed. He starts after her.

48.)
49.) OMITTED.

50. EXT. CHAPEL:
At the doors. Sean hurries after the girl, but is brought to a halt by the restraining hand of Michaeleen Flynn.

MICHAELEEN: (chidingly)

None o' that...now, none o' that!

Sean looks at him in some exasperation. Michaeleen wags his head in mingled amusement and reproach.

MICHAELEEN: (continuing)

It's a bold, sinful man ye are, Sean Thornton... Now who taught ye to be playin' patty-fingers in the holy water?

SEAN: (defensively)

Why it's a...just bein' polite, 's'all.

MICHAELEEN:

Polite is it!... Maybe ye don't know it's a privilege reserved for courtin' couples...an' then only after the banns has been read...

(he looks after the girl)

And Mary Kate Danaher dippin' her fingers as neat as ye please! Ah, the impudence of her!

SEAN: (also looking)

What did you say her name was?

51. EXT. CHAPEL: ANGLE

On Mary Kate hurrying away, but not without a swift backward look.

MICHAELEEN'S VOICE: (o.s.)

Mary Kate Danaher...

(sudden alarm)

...and don't be gettin' any notions in your head!

52. EXT. CHAPEL: CLOSE

On Sean and Michaeleen.

SEAN: (relishing the sound of it)

Mary...Kate...

MICHAELEEN: (anxiously)

Put it by, Sean, put it by!... Put it out o' yer thoughts entirely!

SEAN: (puzzled)

Why? What's the matter with her?

(quick fear)

She isn't married or anything, is she?

MICHAELEEN: (hooting)

Marr...that one?...marr... Not likely, the poor girl... Her with her freckles and her temper!... That red hair is no lie... Still a man might put up with that...but not with her lack of a fortune!

SEAN:

Her what?

MICHAELEEN:

Her fortune!... Her dot!... The money that goes with her... What you would be callin' her dowry.

SEAN: (smiling slightly)

Oh.

MICHAELEEN: (nodding)

And well ye might say 'OH' ...and if ye added a string o' O's to it, ye'd have the full amount o' the fortune Red Will Danaher is willin' to put on his sister...O-O-O-nothin'!

SEAN: (still not fully crediting it)

Y'mean no one'll marry the girl because her family's poor?

MICHAELEEN:

Danaher poor!... Why he's the strongest farmer in the county! He could put a thousand pounds on Mary Kate 'n never feel the lighter... It's a skinflint he is...so she cooks for him an' does the servin' an' tends the sheep an'... an'...

(sudden impatience)

...but what are we standin' here for, gostherin' about the poor girl when the Widow Tillane's expectin' us on a matter o' business?

Michaeleen starts away, with Sean starting to follow -- his thoughts still on the girl -- when Father Lonergan comes out the door behind them. The priest is dressed as usual but he carries a soft, slouch hat in his hand -- a hat with a few dozen assorted trout and salmon flies in its band.

LONERGAN:

Good morning, Sean...Michaeleen.

They pause,

SEAN:

Morning, sir.

MICHAELEEN:

Good mornin', Father.

LONERGAN:

I am glad you came to the mass, Sean.

(a dig at Michaeleen)

It may encourage others to attend chapel occasionally.

Lonergan reaches back through the church door and takes a trout rod from its customary place behind the font.

MICHAELEEN: (sniping back)

I've just now come from Chapel... leastways from the Reverint Mister Playfair's church...

(casually)

I had business with his wife, the Reverint Missis Playfair.

LONERGAN: (interested - but trying not to show it)

Indeed?

MICHAELEEN:

A reemarkable woman... A pound she had with me on Doubloon in the steeplechase.

LONERGAN: (relieved)

And Ard-Ri won...

(change of tone)

Didn't he?

MICHAELEEN:

Only if they changed the rules so'the first shall be last and the last first' ... Doubloon it was...at twelve to one... Ah, a remarkable woman!

But Lonergan hasn't waited. At the name "Doubloon" he has jammed his slouch hat down on his head, his mouth has clamped to a tight line and he has gone stalking off-every rigid inch of him fighting for self-control. (He will get no trout this day.)

Michaeleen and Sean resume their way to the waiting side-car.

DISSOLVE:

53. EXT. THE TILLANE HOUSE: (MORNING) FULL

(This also may be a cover shot -- independent of weather.)

This is quite an impressive residence -- Georgian in architecture -- rising gaunt out of a yard with scarcely a bush or a plant to soften its severity. The Tillane demesne is extensive. A broad driveway curves up and past the house. We may or may not need the shot of Michaeleen's sidecar approaching it.

NARRATOR:

This is the demesne of the Widow Tillane, the wealthiest woman in the parish... She had neither chick nor child, poor soul, but she was well-respected and good to the poor.

54.) INT. DRAWING ROOM OF THE TILLANE HOUSE:
55.)
56.) It is a long, narrow room with casemented windows, a tapestry on one wall, a high -- and drafty -- fireplace with a severe mantel, some rather bad ancestral oils on the walls and perhaps a Rousseau. The furniture is mixed; a conglomerate of Italian, Jacovean and English cottage; high straight-backed chairs or cottage-type windsors; a wooden settle; an unyielding horsehair-stuffed sofa. A small fire burns in the fireplace grate. Perhaps the most dominant article in the room is the large, businesslike desk behind which Mrs. Tillane sits.

(MRS. TILLANE is a handsome woman of about 40. She is a woman of breeding, with a slightly bitter humor, great practicality and a severe manner. Her apparent coldness is superficial. Although she may not be "gat-toothed" like the Wife of Bath, she is essentially a highly-sexed woman and her four years of widowhood have set her teeth on edge. Her dress is severe but no less attractive for that -- and, in fact, no less revealing of a fine, proud figure. She habitually is veiled.

Sean stands, cap in hand, before the widow's desk.

MRS. TILLANE:

So you were born there, is that it?

SEAN: (proudly)

All the Thorntons were born there, Mrs. Tillane, seven generations of 'em.

MRS. TILLANE:

I see... And what is your thought, Mr. Thornton? Are you planning to turn White o' Morning into a national shrine?

SEAN:

Huh?

MRS. TILLANE:

Perhaps charge tuppence a visit for a guided tour through the little thatched cottage where all the Thorntons were born?... Are you a man of such eminence then?

SEAN: (defensively)

No...not exactly...

MRS. TILLANE:

My own family, Mr. Thornton, has been in Ireland since the Norman invasion...in the year one thousand one hundred and seventy...but we have seen no reason to establish monuments or memorials to that fact...

SEAN: (angrily)

Look, I didn't say anything about monuments or memorials!... It's just that ever since I was a kid living in a shack near the slag-heaps, my mother used to talk to me about Inisfree and White o' Morning. With me, Inisfree's always been another word for heaven...so, when I quit the ri...

(he catches himself)

...when I quit, I came here -- just one thought in my mind.

MRS. TILLANE: (bluntly)

Inisfree is far from being heaven, Mr. Thornton, and Ireland has better use for its land then...

(sudden thought)

Yes! Tell me! What would you do with the land <u>if</u> I sold it to you?

SEAN: (his thinking hadn't gone that far)

I dunno...farm it, I guess... Sure! Plant some flowers anyway.

MRS. TILLANE: (faint smile)

Flowers?

(she shakes her head)

You're not a practical man, Mr. Thornton...

Mrs. Tillane rises from her desk, as if to signal the end of the interview. Simultaneously we may hear a knock on the front door, with the maid hurrying to answer, and Captain Guppy enters the room from another part of the house.

(Captain Guppy is a would-be gentleman. We may assume he was a clerk' son in Bristol or Streathern, who got as far as public school -- where he unquestionably won the nick-name of "Slimy". A wasp-waisted, brush-mustached little man, he has great hopes ultimately of winning Mrs. Tillane and her demesne.)

MRS. TILLANE: (continuing; spotting Guppy)

Oh...this is my land agent, Captain Guppy... Mister Thornton.

GUPPY: (too English accent)

How do you do?

He makes no move to shake hands, but repairs to the mantel -- liking the extra inches of height the hearthstone gives him.

MRS. TILLANE: (back to Sean)

No, I could not sell White o' Morning for less than...

(she turns to Guppy)

What would you say, Captain?

GUPPY: (hawing and humming)

Well, ah...shouldn't think, ah...of parting with a prop'ty like that for less than ah...

(kiting the price)

...seven hundred guineas.

SEAN: (quickly)

Okay...I'll buy it!

MICHAELEEN'S VOICE: (o.s., horrified)

What?!

57. INT. DRAWING ROOM OF THE TILLANE HOUSE: ANOTHER ANGLE INCLUDING Michaeleen at the window. The man is frantically gesturing.

MICHAELEEN: (outraged)

Seven hundred!... Take it back, man, take it back! Seven hund...!

Mrs. Tillane glares at him and rises.

MRS. TILLANE: (as to a pup)

Quiet, Flynn!...

(back to Sean)

You misunderstood me...I did not say I would sell for seven hundred -- or any other price... I am sorry, but my answer...

MAID'S VOICE: (o.s.)

Excuse me, ma'am.

As Mrs. Tillane looks in the direction of the door.

58.) INT. DRAWING ROOM OF THE TILLANE HOUSE: ANOTHER ANGLE
59.)

NELL - THE MAID:

It's Red Will...I mean, Mr. Will Danaher, ma'am.. askin' to be announced.

MRS. TILLANE: (under her breath)

Announced indeed...!

(loudly)

Show Mr. Red Will Danaher in!

NELL: (firmly to Red Will)

Wipe those muddy boots!

DANAHER is a giant of a man with a close-cropped bullet head, tremendous shoulders, arms like a gorilla and fists the size of catchers' mitts. We already know of him that he is a skinflint, a large farmer and -- by some freak biology -- the brother of lovely Mary Kate.

He has come to call in a hard hat, piped vest, outgrown dark jacket, baggy trousers and a blackthorn stick as thick in the haft as a hurley. He would be making a stately and dignified entrance -- cane under arm, hard hat resting on left forearm -- except for the maid's pointed reference to his mudded soles. Now he has to go back into the hall and we hear the impatient scuffling of his boots on the mat -- and his muttered imprecations.

Now Danaher reappears and makes his entrance -- with a little less aplomb.

DANAHER: (bowing)

Misses Tillane...

(a brief nod)

Guppy...

But he stares with frowning intentness at Sean.

MRS. TILLANE:

Mr. Thornton...from America.

Sean makes a move as though to extend his hand, but Danaher's attitude makes it clear the gesture would be wasted.

DANAHER: (by way of acknowledgment)

Ah.

He wheels on Mrs. Tillane.

DANAHER:

It's him I'm here about, Mrs. Tillane. Is it true?

MRS. TILLANE:

Is what true?

DANAHER:

That behind my back he's trying to steal White o' Morning right from under me nose?

GUPPY: (a chortle)

Haw! I say, that's good!

MRS. TILLANE: (in a white rage)

Quiet, Captain Guppy!... And what concern of yours is this, Will Danaher?

DANAHER: (hotly)

Concern enough... Haven't I made ye a good fair offer on that same piece of land...and it lyin' right next to mine?

MRS. TILLANE:

You may keep your offers!

She turns away from him, and that blows Danaher's top. He grabs her by the arm and spins her.

DANAHER:

So it's true! ... Ye've sold it!

Mrs. Tillane pulls out of his grasp.

MRS. TILLANE: (rubbing her bruised arm)

No...I have not!

--

Danaher relaxes -- a great load off his mind -- and he tries now to mend his fences.

DANAHER: (all blarney)

Hah! I knew it was a dirty lie the very minute I heard it... Sure I said to him, 'Packy Mac Farlane, ye'll never make me believe that Missus Sarah Tillane would be sellin' White o' Morning' ... An' I said, 'Why it'd be like puttin' a fence between her land 'n mine for a stranger to move in there'... And what would she be doin' that for, I said, and us so close to an understandin', ye might say.

MRS. TILLANE: (dangerously calm)

You told him all that, did you?

DANAHER: (proudly -- lying)

That I did!

MRS. TILLANE:

Down at the pub, I suppose.., in front of all those big-ears, with pints in their fists and pipes in their mouths...

DANAHER: (a little nervous now)

Ah...there may have been one or two...

MRS. TILLANE:

You may have the land, Mr. Thornton... for <u>six</u> hundred pounds.

MICHAELEEN: (from the window)

Done!

DANAHER: (in anguish)

No...ye can't...I ...I'll give ye six hundred and ten!

SEAN:

As I remember, you said seven hundred pounds, Mrs. Tillane.

DANAHER: (threatening)

Now see here, me little man!

And he grabs Sean's shoulder in a grip of iron. Sean smiles pleasantly and seems barely to flick a muscle -- and releases his arm.

60. INT. DRAWING ROOM OF THE TILLANE HOUSE: CLOSE

Mrs. Tillane. She hasn't missed that -- and behind the veil her eyes brighten and her lips part, showing the cutting edge of her teeth.

61.) INT. DRAWING ROOM OF THE TILLANE HOUSE: FULL
62.)

Danaher is a bit surprised to find himself holding thin air. His jaw goes granite and his eyes harrow.

DANAHER:

Seven hundred and ten...

SEAN:

Let's make it eight.

MRS. TILLANE:

This is ridiculous.

MICHAELEEN: (anguished)

It's worse than that.

DANAHER:

...and ten.

SEAN:

This is too short a day to waste indoors... But if you've nothin' else to do, Mister Danaher... how about an even thousand?

DANAHER:

And...

(he can't quite do it)

and...

(God the temptation)

...and I'll be sayin' good day to ye, Missus Tillane, and to all here...

(he glares at Sean)

...but one!

And with that he turns and stamps from the room.

Mrs. Tillane waits 'til he leaves, then crosses to her desk.

MRS. TILLANE: (to Sean)

You're either a very rich man, Mr. Thornton, or a very foolish one.

SEAN:

I'm a happy man, Mrs. Tillane...and thank you very much.

And he inclines his head and leaves the room.

Mrs. Tillane goes to the window -- and Guppy joins her there. She looks intently after Sean and raises her veil.

63. INT. DRAWING ROOM OF THE TILLANE HOUSE: CLOSE

On Mrs. Tillane. We now see she is a strangely beautiful woman. She stares after Sean with brooding interest.

---

64. OMITTED.

65.) INT. DANAHER HOUSE: (NOON)
66.)
67.) No small cottage this, but a stout house built square to the winds. All life, during the waking hours, centers in the one long room which is kitchen, dining room and living room all at the one time. The ceiling is beamed, with flitches of bacon and fat hams strung from the rafters. A turf fire smokes in the great fireplace which also is the stove and now has its pots cooking and a roasting dish full of meat warming on the side.

Red Will's farmers -- five of them -- are seated along a heavy oaken table, munching their noonday dinner and helping themselves from well-filled platters.

Mary Kate is bustling between the fire and the table, replenishing the platters as they empty. She is hot from her work, yet taking a good woman's pleasure in sating the appetites of the men.

In the absence of the master, the talk is free...and about Sean.

PACKY MacFARLANE: (a man of 50)

I mind his father well...Mike Thornton... He had shoulders like a...pass the praties, Dermot.

DERMOT: (a young man)

I'd a glimp' of him this morning...

(side glance at Mary Kate)

...as I was passin' the chapel.

He starts to pass the potatoes -- but freezes.

MARY KATE:

If you'd pass the pub as fast as you pass the chapel...

PACKEY: (impatiently)

PASS THE PRATIES, DERMOT!

At this juncture the door is thrown violently open and violently into the room comes Red Will -- followed by his shadow and Greek chorus, one ALOYSIUS FEENEY; a man with all the independence of a chameleon.

Red Will has come stalking across the fields after his unsatisfactory encounter at the Tillane's. He has tugged his collar open but his anger still boils.

One swift glance at him and every man at the table applies himself industriously to his food. Only Mary Kate watches as Will scales his hat across the room, flings his stick -- not too accurately -- at a dog drowsing in the corner and angrily marches to a cupboard. He throws it open and reaches within for a large black bottle of potstill. He pours himself a mighty drink and tosses it into his maw. Aloysius modestly reaches for another glass and sets it tentatively on the counter. Danaher sees it out of the corner of his eye and turns away -- sighing gustily -- and marches back to the table with bottle and glass in hand. He sits himself down at the head of the table and Aloysius sidles timorously into the place at the great man's left.

66.)
67.) Will glares at the busily eating men.

DANAHER:

Look at them! Eating me out of house and home!

ALOYSIUS: (ah, the pity of it)

Well ye may say it.

With that he starts loading his plate hugely, with Will watching every slab of meat that is added. When Aloysius has it all well-filled, Will calmly appropriates the plate and substitutes his own blank one for it.

Meanwhile:

MARY KATE:

Isn't it early in the day for the bottle?

She starts to reach for it, but Will's hand forestalls her. He shifts the bottle out of her reach -- and at this point snags Aloysius' plate.

DANAHER:

Feeney! Get out yer book!

Now he applies himself to his food, while Aloysius gets out a small ledger and a stub of a pencil.

DANAHER: (continuing)

Set down the name -- and it's the last time it'll soil me lips -- of one Sean Thornton.

He spits on the floor.

MARY KATE: (shocked)

Oh! ... On my clean floor! ... Where do you think you are, you dirty thing...in your barns?

DANAHER:

Shut yer yap!

MARY KATE:

I'll shut you...my little man!

She flings a cloth at him.

MARY KATE: (continuing)

You can wipe that yourself or they'll be no supper in this house tonight.

But the crisis is averted by Aloysius catching the cloth and industriously mopping the floor.

ALOYSIUS: (soothingly)

There, there...clean as ever. Ye mustn't mind Himsilf this day, Mary dear.

MARY KATE: (with scorn)

It's all the work you're good for, you little

Danaher has been waiting with the patience of Job and the aloofness of Jove for this to end. And now he speaks again as though there had been no interruption.

DANAHER:

Have you writ the name I gave ye?

ALOYSIUS:

I have.

DANAHER: (pronouncing the curse)

Then strike a line through it! There's for him!

While this impresses Aloysius no end, Mary Kate starts to laugh -- with bubbling merriment.

MARY KATE: (crowing)

So he's bought White o' Morning in spite of you!... Good for Widow Tillane!

Danaher, stung deep this time, gets to his feet and swings over to her -- arm drawn back for a blow. Mary as quickly grabs the poke from the fireplace.

MARY KATE: (continuing; holding it ready)

You do...and they'll be a grand wake in this house!

DANAHER: (letting his hand drop)

Ah!

(he takes it out on the eaters)

What're ye doin'? Is it a holiday? Get out with ye. OUT!

The men stand not on the order of their going. All but Feeney.

Mary Kate crosses to the door and stands looking out -- off at White o' Mornin'. Red Will joins her.

DANAHER: (continuing; meaning it)

He'll regret it to his dyin' day...if ever he lives that long!

He slams the door, to out off the view. Mary Kate defies him again.

MARY KATE:

He has more right to it than you!

And with that she opens the door and marches defiantly out.

68. EXT. THE DANAHER HOUSE:

Mary Kate walks purposefully out of the house and over to a rise of ground.

69. EXT. THE DANAHER HOUSE: ANOTHER ANGLE

With White O' Morning off in the distance. Mary Kate stands looking off. She sees Michaeleen's cart and the two men, Sean and Michaeleen, surveying the little cottage. But she clearly has eyes only for one man.

70. EXT. THE COTTAGE: MED.

Sean and Michaeleen - outside White o' Morning. Michaeleen remains seated on his cart, pipe in mouth. Sean is staring off toward his newly-bought domain. Michaeleen senses his nostalgic mood and has the tact not to intrude upon it.

MICHAELEEN: (gently)

Go along in...I'll be here with m'pipe.

71. EXT. THE COTTAGE: ANOTHER ANGLE - FULL

On yard and cottage. As Sean slowly starts toward the door. The yard is weed-grown and neglected, the thatch roof is ragged and with gaps in it, and the paint on doors and trim is faded. Yet the place is far from a ruin. Again Sean hears, in memory, the voice of his mother.

WOMAN'S VOICE:

It was a lovely little house, Seaneen... berry bushes along the lane AND the roses!... Ah, they came from miles around to see my roses! ... Your father used to tease me about them, but he was that proud of them too!

Sean pushes the door open and steps inside.

72. INT. THE COTTAGE:

It has an unlived in look, with cobwebs in the corners, dust and litter on the floor. There may be a single wooden table in the center of the room and a stool or two. The fireplace is dark and empty. Two doors lead out of the room -- one into a bedroom, the other into a kitchen or pantry. Sean slowly moves around the room...his action fitting the continuance of his mother's description.

He rubs a hand over the dusty table -- wipes it on his coat.

WOMAN'S VOICE:

Inside everything was neat as a pin... You could have eaten your supper off my floors. Well! and it had to be with yourself on your hands and knees as often as on your feet!

Sean crosses to the fireplace.

WOMAN'S VOICE: (continuing)

And at night with a good turf fire a-burning, and your father with his pipe...

He looks into the bedroom.

WOMAN'S VOICE: (continuing)

...and you in your cradle right alongside our big bed... The happy days, then, the happy days.

Sean crosses to a small window and opens it. Dust stirs as the air enters.

WOMAN'S VOICE: (continuing)

There was only the one complaint I ever had with it...the windows...I had m' heart set on a casement looking out to the brook, so I could see it and hear it laughing away as I went about my work... But that I never got and never will now.

Sean retraces his steps to the door and goes outside.

73. EXT. THE COTTAGE - WHITE O' MORNING - THE YARD:

Sean recrosses to the sidecar, dusting his clothes of cobwebs as he goes.

MICHAELEEN:

Well, what are yer plans?

SEAN:

O, I've got lots of plans...first of all...

He turns as if to point at the roof, but something off attracts his attention.

74. EXT. CREST OF DANAHER'S HILL: LONG

We see merely a quick flash of color as Mary Kate dodges behind a shrub.

75. EXT. THE COTTAGE - WHITE O' MORNING: MED. CLOSE

Sean. He has seen her and he grins a little.

SEAN:

Yessir...I got LOTS o' plans.

And he turns and boards the sidecar.

76. EXT. CREST OF DANAHER'S HILL: CLOSE

Mary Kate. Seeing them drive away, she cautiously peeps out. It occurs to her that the cottage must be a dusty place, that it would be a Christian act to give it a clean. Yes, she tells herself; it's merely a Christian duty. And she smiles with strange pleasure at the prospect.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

77.) INT. THE LOBBY OF THE SARSFIELD ARMS: (NIGHT)
78.)

Two men are lounging near the desk or counter as Sean comes down the steps from his room. We would assume he is checking out, for he carries his leather grip, his sleeping bag and his coat.

The two men are HUGH FORBES and OWEN GLYNN -- typical upper-class Irishmen, well-dressed in country style, with good tweed jackets, riding breeches, hand-sewn boots. The fact that Forbes was a Commandant of the I. R. A. and Glynn his former right-hand man is not important to this story, but is noted for the record.

Sean crosses to the counter, with the two men watching him with reserved interest.

SEAN:

Think it'll be all right if I leave my bags here?

GLYNN: (drily)

I think they will be safe enough.

SEAN:

Thanks.

He starts toward the door to the bar, then thinks of something and turns back to the men.

SEAN:

If you see a little guy called Michaeleen Flynn would you mind telling him I'm at the bar?

FORBES:

It will be a pleasure -- especially for Michaeleen Flynn.

SEAN:

Thanks.

He continues to the bar.

GLYNN: (with mild sarcasm)

Are you sure there is nothing else?

SEAN: (grinning back)

If I think of anything, I'll let you know.

Forbes chuckles as Glynn, for once in his life, is too late for a comeback.

79. INT. BAR OF THE SARSFIELD ARMS: (NIGHT)

The bartender is PAT COHAN, who tries to run a nice, quiet place and every so often does. This night promises well for him. DERMOT FAHY, a fiddler, plays softly in one corner of the room. A few men -- among them old GAFFER DAN TOBIN -- stand at the bar, pint-glasses of porter in their hands. Another pair sit playing chess or checkers at a table. A little group sits near the musician.

Heads turn and the music falters and stops as Sean, the stranger, enters the room -- a little diffidently.

SEAN:

Good evening...

There is no answer. He starts for the bar -- nodding left and right.

SEAN: (continuing)

Pleasant evening.

Pat Cohan moves up the bar to serve him.

SEAN: (pointing to Tobin's mug)

I'll try some of that black beer.

PAT:

Ah...the porther...yes, sir.

Sean notes that Tobin's mug is about drained.

SEAN:

Care to join me?...

(loudly -- to all)

Fact, I'd like to buy a round for all of you.

The men exchange glances -- sort of taking their neighbor's pulse. Dan Tobin comes closer to Sean.

TOBIN: (civilly)

I do not believe I have heard your name, young man.

SEAN:

Thornton...Sean Thornton.

TOBIN:

And your father's name?

SEAN:

Mike...Michael... Used to live here...in White o' Morning... I bought it back today... that's why I'm...

TOBIN: (relieved)

Then your grandfather would be Old Sean Thornton, rest his memory!

(great satisfaction)

So it's himself you're named for!.. Well, that bein' the case...it IS a good evenin' and we WILL take a drink!

And he shakes Sean's hand and the other men crowd forward to make their introductions and Dermot Fahy cements the happy occasion by breaking into a new and lively tune.

AD LIBS:

A pleasure, Mr. Thornton...
I had heard ye bought yer old home back...
May we prosper in it.

CUT TO:

80. INT. LOBBY OF THE SARSFIELD ARMS: (NIGHT)

Forbes and Glynn turn as Father Lonergan, FATHER PAUL -- a young, dark-eyed, athletic curate -- enter the room and cross to them.

LONERGAN:

Sorry we are late...is the rest of the committee here?

FORBES:

They are waiting...

As the priests bustle off, with Glynn and Forbes starting to follow, Forbes spots Michaeleen entering and crossing the lobby.

FORBES:

O, Michael Oge!

Michaeleen comes up to him, with great respect in his manner.

MICHAELEEN:

Yes, Commandant Forbes?

FORBES:

You can forget the 'commandant'... We're all at peace again.

MICHAELEEN:

True! But I've not given up hope!

FORBES:

Your Yankee friend's waiting for you in the bar... Who is he, anyhow?

MICHAELEEN:

Ah, he's a nice quiet peace-loving man -- come home to Ireland to forget his troubles.

FORBES:

Troubles...?

MICHAELEEN:

Ah sure. He's a millionaire, y'know, like all the Yanks...but Eccentric!

(he whistles)

Look at this!

He points to the rolled-up sleeping bag.

FORBES:

What is it?

MICHAELEEN:

A bag to sleep in! Did ye ever see the like? Here, I'll show it you.

And as he starts to unfasten it.

CUT TO:

81. INT. THE BAR OF THE HOTEL: (NIGHT)

The men are taking their fresh-filled mugs and tankards from the bar, but before anyone can drink, Dan Tobin signals for their attention.

TOBIN:

Wait now, wait now! This is an occasion... Sean Thornton, the men of Inisfree bid you 'welcome home'.

And as the men repeat "Welcome Home", Sean's smile thanks them all and he raises his own tankard to drink. But at that moment there comes the ribald laughter of Red Will Danaher. They all turn:

82.)
83.) INT. THE BAR: (NIGHT) ANOTHER ANGLE
84.)

Red Will stands in the doorway with his little henchman, Aloysius Feeney. Will has a drink taken and the same goes for Aloysius -- but to a less generous degree.

Will turns to Aloysius, imitating the manner and the voice of Dan Tobin, as he pledges the little man with an imaginary glass.

DANAHER: (mincing it)

'And the men of Inisfree bid ye Welcome Home'.

(a growl)

And what's wrong with that little speech, Aloysius Feeney?

ALOYSIUS: (nervously)

Ah you'd be knowin' what, squire.

DANAHER: (challenging them as he swaggers over)

Only that I'm a man of Inisfree -- THE BEST MAN!

(direct to Sean)

And I bid no welcome to anyone fool enough to pay a thousand pounds for a bit o' land not worth five hundred!

Dan Tobin lays a restraining hand on Sean's arm -- lays it needlessly for Sean has his many reasons for not wanting a fight.

ALOYSIUS: (now emboldened)

And right for ye, Squire!

Danaher ruffles past them to the bar and signals for a drink. Sean shrugs it off and turns back to his own drink. The men edge a little aside or change positions so that there is a clear space at the bar between the two antagonists.

Meanwhile Dermot Fahy comes from his corner. (Dermot is a long, lean, loose-jointed, impertinent rascal with an indolent air and the immunity that the ages have conceded to all minstrels and troubadours.)

FAHY:

That's as may be, but didn't I hear of someone named Danaher bidding to eight hundred AND ten?

Aloysius wheels on him angrily, expecting Red Will to do likewise. But Danaher merely accepts his drink.

DANAHER: (with real dignity)

Don't answer him, Feeney...

(vengefully)

...but get out yer book!

ALOYSIUS:

I have it, squire.

DANAHER: (in portentous tones)

Set down the name -- Dermot Fahy.

FAHY: (impishly)

F-A-H-Y...no E, squireen Danaher.

(bluntly)

And if you were half the man you think you are, you'd not begrudge a Thornton the right to his own birthplace.

And he strolls on by, punctuating this observation with a pig-squealing note from his fiddle while the men in the room join in a muttered chorus of assent -- of 'true for ye' and 'he's right, Will.'

DANAHER: (turning on them angrily)

And what right has he to a land he's never worked?

DAN TOBIN: (breaking in)

It's Thornton land, isn't it?

DERMOT:

Ye've too much of your own how!

ALOYSIUS:

Silence please! Parliamentary procedure! Squire Danaher has the floor!

DAN TOBIN: (mad)

Sure if I had the floor, I'd hit that big ape with it!

Danaher juts his jaw and makes for little Dan Tobin but two of the men interfere and Sean now takes a hand.

SEAN: (loud but calm)

Now hold on a minute...

Danaher subsides momentarily.

SEAN: (continuing)

I don't blame Mr. Danaher for getting on his ear.

DANAHER: (mad again)

Who's on his ear?... You and ten Thorntons like you couldn't put a Danaher on his ear!

SEAN: (still friendly)

That's just a way of talking... It doesn't mean...

DANAHER:

Mind yer ways then!

SEAN: (he's going to be peaceful if it kills him)

The point is: it's done now. I've bought the place...and since we're going to be neighbors...

DANAHER:

Never! If I so much as catch you settin' a wet foot on my land, I'll...

(another thought)

AND another thing! You keep away from my sister, Mary Kate. She's not for the likes o' you.

SEAN: (a little mad now)

Where I come from we don't talk about our womenfolk in saloons... You make a habit of it!... This morning it was Mrs. Tillane...

DANAHER: (blustering)

Why that's a...a...

DAN TOBIN:

He's right. Will... Be shamed for yourself!

DANAHER: (in the wrong and doubly angry)

It's not MARY KATE I'm accusin', it's him... and let him deny, if he can, that this very mornin'... in the vestible of the church... he took liberties that he shouldn't.

The room is hushed, shocked...eyes accusingly on Sean.

SEAN: (shouting it)

I said 'good morning' to her!

DANAHER: (shouting back)

But it was 'good night' you had in yer mind!

SEAN: (mad)

That's a lie!

DANAHER:

And that's a word I take from no man!

With that he scales his hat across the room and starts shucking his jacket.

DANAHER:

Put up yer fists...not that they'll do yo any good!

Sean starts circling as Danaher starts sparring.

SEAN:

I'm not going to fight you, Danaher.

DANAHER:

Well I'm going to fight YOU!

And on the last word he lets loose a roundhouse swing which he had telegraphed ten seconds before. Sean lets it pass his chin, instinctively cocks a left but doesn't throw it. Danaher advances again, swings another and misses so badly that the momentum carries him in a full circle almost to the doorway -- and into the grasp of Hugh Forbes and Owen Glynn who have entered backed by Michaeleen and Father Lonergan.

FORBES: (angrily)

What's going on here?

He pins Danaher's arms -- aided by Glynn.

DANAHER: (sputtering)

Give me one more swing at him... just one!

GLYNN:

You're drunk and disorderly... Feeney, take him home!

Feeney has come up with Danaher's coat and hat. He sidles around Forbes and Glynn, clearly in awe of them.

FEENEY:

Come, squire...don't soil your knuckles on the man.

Michaeleen has crossed toward Sean, all solicitude.

MICHAELEEN:

Are you all right, Sean?

Sean brushes by him, headed for Danaher.

SEAN: (extending his hand)

Come on, Danaher...what do you say?

DANAHER:

NEVER!

LONERGAN: (sternly)

Will Danaher, you'll take the man's hand or I'll read your name in the Mass on Sunday!

ALOYSIUS: (urgently)

Take his hand, Squire!

DANAHER: (stubborn)

I'll join the Church of Ireland first!

LONERGAN:

As if they'd have you! Now do as I say!

A new thought occurs to Danaher. His eyes narrow and he puts on a transparently disarming smile.

DANAHER:

Very well, then... Here's for you!

His giant maw clamps around Sean's hand in a crushing grip calculated to make blood spurt from the fingertips. Michaeleen winces and Lonergan -- like the others -- knows what is going on. But Sean merely toughens his own grip -- and his smile remains relaxed and easy. Danaher darts him a look of surprise and increases the pressure -- but he might as well be squeezing a steel bar.

SEAN: (mildly)

You've a good grip...never could stand a flabby handshake myself.

So Danaher gives up, turns with no good grace and stomps out of the room. The tension breaks and Sean turns smilingly to Michaeleen and his companions.

Hugh Forbes studies Sean carefully -- and likes what he sees.

FORBES:

Michaeleen, introduce me to this quiet, peace-loving man of yours...

(holding his hand to Sean)

I've the strange notion we're going to be friends.

Sean grins and starts to extend his mitt -- but then he winces.

SEAN:

Give it a minute to let the blood run back, will you?

On the laugh from the group:

DISSOLVE TO:

85. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE NEAR WHITE O' MORNING: (NIGHT)

It is a bright moonlit night as down the road from the village -- linked arm in arm -- comes a group of men, all softly singing, their voices strangely harmonious in the night. Among them, of course, are Sean and Michaeleen.

As they come to the lane leading off to Sean's cottage, Sean and Michaeleen stop -- while the others go on. We may see now that Sean carries his suitcase and his sleeping bag over his shoulder . There is a chorus of "good nights" and then the harmonizing quartet continues on its way.

MICHAELEEN:

Are ye sure ye won't change yer mind...and come along home with me?

SEAN:

Now don't worry about it. I've got my sleeping bag, haven't I?

MICHAELEEN: (surrendering)

Well suit yerself...

(he looks around -- sniffs the night appreciatively)

Ah, tis a full soft moon... So I'll away to me comrades and talk a little treason before I turn in... Good night, Sean!

He goes off after the others. Sean looks after him.

SEAN: (softly)

Good night, Michaeleen...

Now he turns and he stares at White o' Morning.

SEAN: (soft)

Welcome home, Sean Thornton.

He picks up his grip, gets a new purchase on the sleeping-bag and starts up the path -- pushes open the door -- and freezes!

86. INT. WHITE O' MORNING: (NIGHT)

Sean stands amazed on the threshold. For a fire burns cheerfully in the fireplace and the moonlight coming through the windows shows that they have been polished, that the floor has been swept, that the table and little chair have been righted -- and that a small nosegay of flowers has been placed in a pottery vase.

Sean drops his bag and the grip -- and crosses swiftly to the table. He runs a hand across its polished surface -- no dust. He sees the flowers -- and then whirls at the sound of a door swinging shut in the kitchen. He makes for the room in swift strides.

87. INT. KITCHEN AND BACK DOOR OF COTTAGE: (NIGHT)

The back door is still partly open as Sean enters the room. He crosses through and out.

88. EXT. BACK DOOR - COTTAGE: (NIGHT)

Sean runs out, peering around. He hears a rustle in the shrubbery and goes running.

89. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE: (NIGHT) (MOON)

Sean comes running up to the edge of a broken field, with shrubbery on his right. Suddenly he hears a faint rustling, spins, reaches -- and grabs a flushed, embarrassed, excited Mary Kate Danaher. She tries to pull away from him, but his hands are strong on her arms.

MARY KATE: (in Gaelic)

Let me go!

SEAN:

So you're the leprechaun that's cleaned my house!

MARY KATE: (in Gaelic)

Why did you have to come in so soon?

She makes another break for freedom, but he catches her again.

SEAN: (laughing)

Oh no you don't... I know one thing about leprechauns... You're supposed to hang onto 'em 'til they've told you where the pot of gold is buried!

MARY KATE: (in Gaelic)

Ah, you big silly man!

SEAN:

Well if you won't tell me, there's only one thing for me to do.

And with that he gives her a very firm, and very-well-placed kiss.

His answer is an equally firm and equally well-placed slap in the face -- coincident with a surprising burst of fluent English.

MARY KATE:

You're a bold one, that you are! Who gave you leave to be kissing me?

Sean is almost as stunned by the bolt he has taken as by the fact that the girl talks his language.

SEAN:

You can talk!

He moves toward her again.

MARY KATE:

I can and I do and I will! And it'll be more than talk you'll get if you step a step closer!

SEAN: (falling back)

Don't worry! You've got a wallop.

He nurses his jaw.

MARY KATE: (her anger gone)

I'm thinking you'll get over it...

SEAN: (smiling at her)

Some things a man doesn't get over so easy...

MARY KATE:

Like what, for an instance?

SEAN:

Like the sight of a girl coming through the fields with the sun on her hair...and kneeling in church with the face of a saint...

MARY KATE: (laughing at him -- but liking to hear it)

A saint indeed!

SEAN:

And now coming to a man's house to make it clean for him...

MARY KATE: (embarrassed)

It was only by way of doing a good Christian act..

SEAN: (softly -- coming real close)

I know it was, Mary Kate Danaher, and it was nice of you.

The temptation is awful strong upon him to bend his head and take one more kiss. And the temptation is equally strong upon her to let him have it. They sway dangerously close -- but then her hand is on his chest and she gives him a shove.

MARY KATE:

Good night to you!

And she is off on a run through the moonlight, back across the fields to her own home -- leaving a Sean who stares after her and suddenly knows that White o' Morning needs something else to make it complete.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

90. EXT. ROAD LEADING TO WHITE O' MORNING: (DAY)

It is a radiant sunny day, a week or three later. A tandem bicycle comes bowling down the lane, bearing two strangely assorted people: The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Playfair.

(MISTER PLAYFAIR bears an uncanny resemblance to Boss Shields. He wears -- this fine Spring-like morning -- a straw sailor hat, anchored by a string to the lapel of his dark grey flannel jacket. His trousers are of the same material. He wears high black shoes and white sox. His clerical collar and dickey are the only stamp of the cloth on him. It might be added that, as tribute to his vagueness in certain matters, he always rides the REAR seat of the tandem -- usually with a nose in a small book which everyone would suspect is a Bible (King James version) but which actually is a Sporting Guide.)

(THE REV. MRS. PLAYFAIR is a rangy woman, with an extravagant taste for flowered bonnets, the brightest eye in the world, a rattling tongue, the kindest of hearts, a vast joy in living and an entirely maternal solicitude for the moral sensibilities of that very proper man, her husband.

A briefer way of describing her would have been to note that SHE steers the tandem.)

So down the lane they come at a fine clip, Mr. Playfair with his nose in his book; Mrs. Playfair carrying a potted primrose on the wicker carrier clipped to the handlebars.

They swing out past a small dray moving slowly in the same direction and piled high with crates and furniture, topped by a massive 4-poster bed. (NOTE: It would be best not to see the bed too clearly, if at all, at this point.)

As the tandem swings into the lane leading to White o' Morning, Mister Playfair automatically makes the proper hand signal, still with his nose in the book.

91. EXT. ROAD LEADING TO COTTAGE: FULL
INCLUDING the cottage as the tandem swings in, slows and its passengers dismount. The yard and the house are a-buzz with activity. Two workmen straddle the rooftree, shifting new thatch. Another or two are setting a diamond-paned casement window into place. A painter is putting the last brush strokes of a deep emerald green paint to the trim... and the door of the house, taken off its hinges, leans against the building, newly painted in the same attractive shade.

SEAN, in blue jeans and an open-throated Navy shirt, is digging holes in the flowerbed next the house to accommodate the burlap-wrapped rose bushes he is planting. A few of them already are in; two or three others are heeled in close to him, awaiting their turn.

The yard has been weeded and cleaned and White o' Morning is almost completely transformed into what it ultimately will look like -- an enchanted cottage.

Sean looks up from his digging and moves to greet his visitors.

92. EXT. ROAD LEADING TO COTTAGE: MED.

As Sean crosses to meet the Playfairs as they wheel the tandem up and are surveying the scene with manifest approval.

SEAN:

Hello!

PLAYFAIR:

We thought it was time for a call...

(quickly)

Not professional mind you...Father Lonergan told me you were in his bailiwick...I'm the minority man... Cyril Playfair.

SEAN: (extending his hand after wiping it)

Of course! ... How do you do, doctor.

PLAYFAIR:

No, it's 'Mister'...and on formal occasions, 'the Reverend Mister'... and this is Mrs. Playfair.

MRS. PLAYFAIR: (gaily)

And behind my back...the 'Riverint Missus'... tho I'm anything but.

PLAYFAIR: (shocked)

Now Elizabeth! You are my wife...

MRS. PLAYFAIR:

Of course, you goose! But I'm not at all 'riverint' am I?

PLAYFAIR: (solemnly)

No, Elizabeth, you are not.

MRS. PLAYFAIR: (looking about her)

You ARE a wonder man, Mister Thornton... It looks the way all Irish cottages should... and so seldom do... Only an American would have thought of emerald green!

PLAYFAIR:

Red is more durable.

MRS. PLAYFAIR: (ignoring him -- now at the roses)

And the roses! How nice!... You'll need lots and lots of horse manure.

Playfair is shocked.

MRS. PLAYFAIR: (quickly)

Excuse me, Cyril...of nice fortilizer.

(in a whispered aside to Sean)

Horse is the best!... I've brought you a primrose...

(she reaches it out)

You know, 'a primrose by a river's brink'.

PLAYFAIR:

Brim not brink!... The next line ends in him... 'a yellow primrose was to him, and it was nothing more'.

MRS. PLAYFAIR: (laughing gaily)

Well, what else should it have been -- a hyacinth'... Poets are so silly generally...

(afterthought)

Oh I hope you're not one, Mister Thornton?

SEAN:

No, I...

PLAYFAIR: (trying to place it)

Thornton? Thornton?... It has a familiar ring to it.

He looks up sharply.

PLAYFAIR: (slowly)

Ring...to...it...Thorn-ton...

SEAN: (quickly)

It's a common name... I appreciate the primrose, Mrs. Playfair...Oh-oh!

His attention is claimed by the dray's turning into the lane.

SEAN: (continuing)

Excuse me!

He hurries down to meet the dray.

92A. EXT. ROAD LEADING TO COTTAGE: ANOTHER ANGLE
As the dray is pulled up and the draymen start to unload the 4-poster.

SEAN:

Easy with that now!

And he lends a hand as the bed is lowered. It is a colossus of beds -- probably the largest bed seen in Ireland since the days of Finn himself.

92B. EXT. ROAD LEADING TO COTTAGE: CLOSE

On the Playfairs, each reacting in his own way to the sight of the thing.

PLAYFAIR: (appalled)

My word! What can the man be thinking of?

And as his wife merely gives him a look...

CUT TO:

93. EXT. HILLTOP: CLOSE SHOT

Mary Kate on her hilltop. She is peering down and there is, in her expression, something of the same wonderment that was reflected in Playfair's face.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK, to SHOW that there is another leaning over the fence staring off in the distance at White o' Morning. It is Aloysius Feeney.

FEENEY:

Is that a bed or a parade ground? ...Musha!... A man 'ud have to be a sprinter to catch his wife in a bed like that!

And that is more than enough for Mary Kate.

MARY KATE:

Oh!

And the word has in it all the outrage she can command as she bends on the man a withering look and then goes stamping back the slope toward the house -- kicking at the clods and angrily snapping leaves from the shrubs she passes -- the CAMERA watching her go.. Suddenly she comes to a halt -- looking at the house.

94. EXT. SLOPE TO HOUSE: ANOTHER ANGLE

On Mary Kate, SHOOTING from the Danaher house.

She stands, still angry and still blushing from more than anger, looking at something or someone near her door.

MARY KATE:

Well! And what are you dressed up for?

Then with curiosity and a touch of amusement, she comes on up -- until we can see what she has seen:

NONE other than Michaeleen Flynn himself, dressed in formal black, armed with a cane, setting erect and with great dignity on the seat of his sidecar. It should surprise none of us that Michaeleen has primed himself for this visit with a drop or six of Pat Cohan's best...so his voice is not always under the most perfect control, but has little wobbles and variations in it.

MICHAELEEN:

I have come...

(it's too falsetto, so he tries again)

I have come...

(it's a bit deep, but no matter)

MARY KATE: (with humor)

I can see you've come...and from whose pub was it?

MICHAELEEN: (hurt)

Pub! Pub!... A tongue like an adder, y'have... I've a mind on me to go about me business and tell Sean Thornton he's well off without ye!

And he makes as if to pick up his whip -- but giving her plenty of time to repent, of course.

MARY KATE: (quickly)

Wait!...

(he does...she darts him a sly look)

You were mentioning someone's name now?

MICHAELEEN:

Will ye listen than an' not be interruptin' the shuagraun?

The word "shuagraun" -- "marriage broker" -- strikes across her heart and brings it beating to her mouth. She can only gulp and nod. So Michaeleen reverts to his initial stance and to his initial memorized speech.

MICHAELEEN:

I have come at the request of Sean Thornton, bachelor and party of the first part, to ask of you...strictly informally mind ye...Mary Kate Danaher, spinster, party of the second part...

He takes a deep breath.

MARY KATE: (breathless)

Go on...

MICHAELEEN:

Ah me mouth's like a dry crust and the sun's that hot on me pate...

MARY KATE:

Would ye be gettin' down, shuagraun, and steppin' into the parlor...

(with a touch of pride)

It may be my brother's house, but what's in the parlor belongs to me!

MICHAELEEN: (climbing down gratefully)

I will...an' I hope there'll be a bottle in the parlor belonging to one of ye.

So with Mary Kate leading the way, Michaeleen enters the great house of Danaher.

MICHAELEEN: (when she stops)

Ah, you've a fine steady hand!

So, with that for an encourager, she fills it to the brim. And he takes it.

MICHAELEEN:

To a good bargainin'.

He takes down half the contents as Mary Kate sits herself on the edge of the chair and waits.

MICHAELEEN:

To resume... The party of the first part...

MARY KATE: (eagerly)

That's him?

MICHAELEEN: (nodding)

Has instructed me to enquire, before enterin' into formal negotiations, whether the party of the second part...

MARY KATE:

That's me?

MICHAELEEN: (nodding)

...takes kindly to the general idea... Or in his own words -- American... he'd like to know, let me see now... yes, he'd like to know if ye go for it?

MARY KATE: (vaguely)

Go...for...it?

MICHAELEEN:

And if ye do, then I'll speak to your brother.

MARY KATE:

That won't be easy.

MICHAELEEN:

Well I know it... He'd as soon put his clog of a fist in me tooth as bid me the time o' day.

MARY KATE:

And what did Sean... the party of the first part... say about my fortune?

MICHAELEEN:

He said he didn't give a...he said it was a matter of profound indifference to him...

Mary Kate gets to her feet, angrily

MARY KATE:

Oh he did that!

MICHAELEEN:

He said he didn't give a hoot in... he said it was all the one to him if ye came with only the clothes on yer back...or without 'em for that matter.

MARY KATE: (boiling now)

Oh, he did!.. And a mighty small opinion of me he must have if he thinks I'd go to any man without a proper fortune!... Well, this you may tell your Mister Party of the First Part!... That when I wed, whatever's my own goes with me! Furniture, crockery, linen, pewter and fifty pounds gold my father left me... Me mother's brooch an' rings, me grandmother's weddin' veil and her silver comb an' buckles...and thirty-odd pounds in paper 'n' silver I've earned the last sixteen years... That's all.

MICHAELEEN: (surprised)

Why, ye're a rich propertied woman!

MARY KATE: (with pride)

I'm no pauper, you can tell him -- to be goin' to him in me shift!

MICHAELEEN:

So then now, back to the point, what's your answer, Mary Kate Danaher, to Sean Thornton?

MARY KATE:

Tell him...tell him that I go for it!

97. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NEAR DANAHER HOUSE: (SUNSET)

Two men walk slowly, but purposefully, up the hill from White o' Morning to the Danaher house. They are Sean and Michaeleen -- the latter still in his formal "shuagraun" clothing, and Sean wearing a dark blue suit and a derby hat and possibly even a pair of grey suede gloves.

The Danaher house looms large against the twilight sky, with light shining through the windows of the main room.

Sean comes to a stop as they reach the stile or the gate near the Danaher home.

98. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE: MED. CLOSE

Sean is as apprehensive as most men under the circumstances. He tugs down his lapels and sets his hat more firmly to his head.

SEAN: (anxiously -- in a croaking whisper)

Do I look all right?

MICHAELEEN: (same whisper)

Ye look fine.

They continue on up to the house, their feet crunching on the ground.

99. INT. DANAHER MAIN ROOM:

Red Will sits alone at the head of his table, chomping stolidly away at his dinner. He is in his shirt sleeves.

Mary Kate, with an apron around her, is going about her chores -- now adjusting a sputtering lamp as she carries it to a small table near the window. There is nothing about either of them that suggests they are expecting callers. As she sets the lamp down, Mary Kate hears something outside -- she peers through the window -- then peers again with a lot more interest. Then she hastily ducks back and the color flames in her cheeks.

MARY KATE: (breathless)

WILL!... Will, there's someone comin' to call!

Danaher glowers up from his meal -- as Mary Kate, with a quick look at her own state of dress, whips off her apron and goes darting about the room setting things to rights. During this:

DANAHER:

Who?

MARY KATE:

It's the shua---

(she catches herself)

It's Michaeleen Oge Flynn...and...and another one with him...put on your coat.

She has grabbed it up and holds it for him. He stares at her dumbfounded.

MARY KATE: (imperatively)

WILL! They're coming to the front door.

It brings him to his feet and he mechanically puts it on, she helping.

DANAHER:

Since when's the back door not good enough?

At this there is a rapping on the front door.

MARY KATE: (calling)

In a moment...!

She snatches up the lamp and goes hurrying across the room and to the long hall leading to the front.

100. EXT. DANAHER HOUSE:

At front door. Sean and Michaeleen.

SEAN: (in a frightened whisper)

But what'll I say?

MICHAELEEN: (whisper)

Nothin'...I'll do all the talkin'.

SEAN: (raising his voice -- touch of anger)

What am I supposed to do -- stand around like a dummy?

And at that point the door is opened to them by Mary Kate-- a demure Mary Kate who pointedly doesn't look in Sean's direction as she holds the lamp high.

MARY KATE:

Good evening.

SEAN: (taking an eager step)

Hello!

Michaeleen elbows him back with a shocked glance and an outraged clucking of the tongue.

MICHAELEEN:

May all be at peace in this house!
A word I would have with your brother,
Miss Danaher.

MARY KATE: (formally)

Come you in then...and welcome.

101. INT. VESTIBULE AND LONG HALL - DANAHER HOUSE:

As Sean and Michaeleen enter. Now for the first time, Mary Kate seems to notice Sean and Michaeleen clears his throat.

MICHAELEEN: (formally)

Mary Kate Danaher, this is Sean Thornton...
Sean Thornton, this is Mary Kate Danaher.

She plays it straight, with a curtsy and barely a look at him.

MARY KATE:

Mr. Thornton...

SEAN: (a stiff bow)

How do you do, Miss Danaher?

MARY KATE: (softly)

This way...

She leads the way down the long hall and opens the door at the end of it, leading to the kitchen.

102.) INT. MAIN ROOM - DANAHER HOUSE:
103.)

Red Will is standing curiously near the table as they enter. She makes an introductory gesture from Sean to Red Will.

MARY KATE:

My brother, Mister...

DANAHER: (cutting in)

Mary Kate, leave the room!

MARY KATE:

But Will, this is...

He turns his back and seats himself, resuming his eating.

DANAHER:

LEAVE THE ROOM!

MARY KATE: (going)

Yes, Will.

Sean and Michaeleen cross to where Red Will sits gobbling away and stand on either side of him waiting. He finally makes an impatient gesture toward the flanking chairs.

DANAHER:

Well, sit down, sit down...that's what chairs are for... If ye've come for supper, ye're late.

MICHAELEEN: (blandly)

A gracious invitation...but thank you, no... I don't suppose there's a drop of something wet on the place?

DANAHER: (grudgingly)

Help yerself to the buttermilk...it's in that pitcher.

MICHAELEEN:

Buttermilk! The Borgias'd do better!... I'll come, with your permission, to the reason for this visit... Ye've noted, I presume, that I'm wearin' my official black suit?

DANAHER:

I have. For your dead friend here?

He looks at Sean...and laughs barkingly at his own rare humor. Sean burns but Michaeleen's upraised finger warns him that he's not supposed to do the talking.

MICHAELEEN:

It's not strange -- since no one will have you in marriage yerself, Red Will Danaher, ...that ye don't recognize the garments of the shuagraun!

DANAHER:

I'll need no shuagraun to arrange any marriage for me!

MICHAELEEN:

I see... Ye've been making fine headway then these last ten years with the Widow Tillane?

DANAHER: (jumping up)

If that's what you've come to talk about...

MICHAELEEN:

I have not...I have come to talk about your sister, Mary Kate...and him.

DANAHER: (pointing to the door)

Get out!

SEAN: (getting to his feet)

[illegible]

DANAHER: (he never addresses Sean directly)

If this was the last man on the face of the earth and my sister the last woman, I'd still say no!

MICHAELEEN: (still seated)

If it's a question of the girl's fortune...

DANAHER:

If it was only a shilling piece he wanted with her, I'd be saying the same... No! Now get out of this house before I lose me temper!

SEAN: (disgustedly to Michaeleen)

C'mon...we've given him his chance ... I told you it was a waste of time...

(he starts for the hall where Mary Kate went)

I'll explain it to her...

Danaher plants himself in Sean's path.

DANAHER:

I'll be counting three...and if he's not out of here I'll take him by the feet and splash him against that wall!... ONE!

SEAN:

If she's willing and I'm willing I don't see where you come into it, anyway!

DANAHER: (still addressing Michaeleen)

And you can tell him for me that they'll be no back-o'-the-chapel wedding for any sister o' mine... TWO!

SEAN: (levelly)

You say THREE, Buster, and you'll never hear the man count TEN!

MICHAELEEN: (bright-eyed)

That's the way, Sean!

95.) INT. DANAHER PARLOR:
96.)

As they enter. The room is shadowed and of good size, but sparsely furnished and obviously rarely used. The ANGLE need only be narrow -- doorway, drawn-curtained window which Mary Kate flings open, some few fine chairs and tables over which linen dust-covers have been laid. She strips the covers off two chairs -- and with a gracious gesture (a lady in her own home) motions him to take one.

MARY KATE:

Excuse me...

She leaves him sitting, looking around with interest and an appraiser's eye. We hear her footsteps click across the long floor -- we hear a cabinet open -- we hear (so does Michaeleen, with a tongue busy at his lips) the clink of decanter and glassware. He brightens immeasurably.

Now she returns into the shot, carrying a silver tray with a fine decanter on it and a glass. She sets it down and pours him a fine measure...but not quite to the brim.

Danaher's eyes narrow -- and some little of his assurance goes, but he's going thru with it.

DANAHER: (starting to haul off)

TWO...and one-half!

Sean shrugs and his tensed muscles relax.

SEAN:

Aw, it wouldn't settle anything... or prove anything...

He starts for the hall door, with a let-down and half-ashamed Michaeleen following.

DANAHER: (a triumphant note)

It would prove the best man!...And ye can tell the rest of yer friends who that is, Michael Flynn!

MICHAELEEN: (still loyal)

Pay him on mind, Sean...

104. INT. HALL:

Mary Kate comes out of a back room to hurry with her lamp to light the front hall as Sean and Michaeleen approach. Everything about her is a great, grave question mark. Sean comes to a dejected, humiliated halt before her -- not quite able to look her in the eye.

SEAN:

Well, Mary Kate...he... well, we tried...

MICHAELEEN: (reading her grief)

We'll see him again...another time!

MARY KATE:

Oh...

(with courage and dignity)

I thank you, anyway, for the asking, Mr. Thornton.

This is too much for Sean. He goes to her and takes one of her hands.

SEAN: (gruff laugh)

Say, you don't think this changes anything, do you?

She looks at him blankly, incredulously.

SEAN: (continuing)

It's what YOU say that counts, not him...

MICHAELEEN: (shocked)

Now, now...Sean! Enough of this! Ye're goin' too far!

SEAN: (bewildered)

What is this?

(he spins back on her)

We're going to get married!

She shakes her head.

SEAN: (continuing)

...aren't we?

He looks at her in utter dismay -- for all she can do is shake her head, and then turn and run back the way she came.

SEAN: (continuing)

But....but I don't get it.

Michaeleen takes him by the arm and steers him out the door.

MICHAELEEN: (like the voice of doom)

This is Ireland, not America, Sean... Without the brother's consent, she couldn't and wouldn't... I'm sorry for you both.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN: #1912 -

105. EXT. A WILD WINDSWEPT MOOR: (ON A GREY OVERCAST DAY)

(NOTE: This is another cover shot for weather) (This may be a few days or a few weeks after Danaher has rejected Sean's suit of his sistor).

A solitary horseman -- Sean -- rides a wicked black horse at a hell-for-leather clip across the desolate moor. He reins in and pulls his mount around. Sean's expression is as black as the day; if he is taking pleasure in this grim exorcise, he doesn't show it.

SEAN: (stornly)

That was bettor ... now let's try it again.

He digs his heels into the horse's side and back they go again -- and we see that Sean is hurdling his horse over some low stone abutments across the moor.

106. EXT. A WILD WINDSWEPT MOOR: (ON A GREY OVERCAST DAY)
ANOTHER ANGLE

Sean on his lathered horse racing up a slope to pull to a stop, looking off.

107. EXT. A WILD WINDSWEPT MOOR: (ON A GREY OVERCAST DAY)
REVERSE ANGLE

Mary Kate stands looking at him from a slope some distance away. She is tending a herd of sheep. But at sight of him, she quickly turns and starts her flock up the slope-- away from him.

108. EXT. A WILD WINDSWEPT MOOR: (ON A GREY OVERCAST DAY) CLOSE

On Sean. His jaw sets grimly and he yanks his horse around -- away from her -- and gallops off.

109. EXT. A WILD WINDSWEPT MOOR: (ON A GREY OVERCAST DAY) FULL PROFILE

On Mary Kate. With Sean riding off in the distance. She hears the receding hoofbeats and turns and stares longingly after him -- and fearfully too, noting the recklessness with which he is riding.

Then after a minute, she resumes her way -- as two horsemen appear from another direction. They are Owen Glynn and Hugh Forbes. Both are walking their horses.

FORBES: (hailing her)

Hi! ... And how is Mary Kate today?

MARY KATE: (stormily)

O, if I had a whip, Hugh Forbes, I'd lay it on you!

Glynn extends his whip.

GLYNN: (with a grin)

I'll lend you mine and not even ask what he's done.

MARY KATE:

He'll be killin' a man -- that's what he's done ... sellin' that brute of a horse to Sean Thornton!

FORBES:

You're wrong on two counts ... I sold him no horse ... I gave it to him --

(looking off)

And they're a fine black-tempered pair, the two of them.

MARY KATE: (looking off, wistfully)

Is he that?

Glynn winks at Forbes.

GLYNN: (archly)

And you wouldn't know the cause of it, I suppose?

MARY KATE: (soberly)

Don't be teasin' me, Owen Glynn ... I've no heart left in me for laughing ... or for ought else ... but him.

She starts away with her sheep.

FORBES: (with sympathy)

Is it that bad, Mary Kate?

MARY KATE:

Yes, it's that bad ...

And she moves away.

FORBES: (angrily)

I'd like to take that brother of hers! ...

GLYNN:

Too bad Thornton isn't twenty pounds heavier...

And they spur off.

110. EXT. MAIN STREET INISFREE: (SAME DAY)

Sean comes at a canter down the main street and reins in before the Sarsfield Arms.

A drape of bunting, dripping soggily over the entrance to the hotel, suggests something unusual is in the air. A bedraggled poster has been nailed to the door -- with a horse's head on it and the lettering: INISFREE RACE MEET over the head and, under it: PONY RACES, FLAT RACES, GRAND STEEPLECHASE. PRIZES - PRIZES - PRIZES

Traps stand in the rain outside the hotel and there is a stream of men and women entering and leaving.

111. EXT. MAIN STREET INISFREE: (SAME DAY) ANOTHER ANGLE

Sean swings off his horse, ties it and heads for the door to the pub.

111A. INT. THE BAR OF THE HOTEL:

As Sean enters. Michaeleen stands at the bar with Dan Tobin and a few other men. He has his little ledger out and is entering bets on the coming races.

MICHAELEEN:

Five shillings -- three to one ...

(spots Sean)

And look what the cat dragged in!

Sean comes over to the bar, nodding glumly to the men and not responding to Michaeleen's welcoming smile.

112. INT. THE BAR OF THE HOTEL: MED. CLOSE
At bar. Michaeleen crooks a finger at the bartender.

MICHAELEEN:

Two pints ... and keep yer thumb out o' me pot.

SEAN: (to bartender)

Make mine whiskey.

Michaeleen darts him a look of concern.

MICHAELEEN: (the stern moralist)

When a man starts drinking himself into an early grave, the least his friends can do is ...

(change of tone)

...keep him company. I'll have the same.

Dan Tobin, who has seen and heard this, sidles alongside Sean.

DAN TOBIN:

Sean, m'boy, now don't take it so hard ... Sure many a man's been disappointed in love... I was mesolf ... in fact I still am!

Another man leans in from beyond Tobin.

SECOND MAN:

An' maybe yer lucky ...it'd be a fearsome thing havin' Red Will Danaher for brother.

SEAN: (annoyed -- setting down his half-empty glass)

Say, what is this? ... A man can't brush his teeth in this town without everybody knowing it.

TOBIN:

I never brushed my teeth since the day I was born ... Look!

He opens his mouth and Sean peers -- in spite of himself.

TOBIN: (proudly)

Not a one left!

SEAN:

Aw!

And with that he turns and heads for the door leading to the lobby. Michaeleen hesitates just long enough to gulp down Sean's unfinished drink before following.

113. INT. LOBBY THE SARSFIELD ARMS:

The room has been decorated for the race meet with streamers of paper across the ceiling and several of the posters advertising the race tacked strategically on the walls.

One knot of men and women stand admiringly around a display table on which are laid out some of the prizes -- saddle, bridle, whips, spurs, etc.

But most of our attention is focussed on a long table behind which sits the race SECRETARY. Behind him, in turn, is a blackboard ruled into three columns, with an ASSISTANT chalking names on it. The board is already partly filled... to wit:

ENTRY	OWNER	RIDER
Minotaur	J. Connell	T. O'Dair
Shining Posy	P. Flynn	P. Flynn
Danny Boy	W. Danaher	A. Feeney
Fingal	Mrs. S.Tillane	B.G.D. Guppy

Ranged in front of the table are Mrs. Tillane, Guppy, Danaher, Mr. and Mrs. Playfair. They all hold teacups in their hands.

Near their group is Father Lonergan, talking with a man and his wife.

A flushed-faced girl -- with a cock-eyed maid's cap on her black hair -- is scurrying around with a tray of cups.

The secretary's assistant is completing the lettering of "Guppy" at the blackboard.

114.) INT. LOBBY - SARSFIELD ARMS: ANOTHER ANGLE
115.) ACROSS the table AT our group.
116.)

SECRETARY:

Thank you, Mrs. Tillane ... and that will be one guinea entry fee.

GUPPY:

Here you are...

As Guppy leans over to make the transaction, Danaher -- teacup in hand, delicate finger stuck out like a fence post -- smiles archly at the Widow.

DANAHER:

Will ye be puttin' up yer bonnet for the race, Mrs. Tillane?

MRS. PLAYFAIR: (with a gush)

Oh! Did I ever tell you about the time I put up my bonnet for Cyril?

PLAYFAIR: (uncomfortably)

Now, Elizabeth ...

MRS. PLAYFAIR:

They were having the races on the lawn at the bishop's ...

(striking a pose)

'Put up your bonnet, Elizabeth,' he said, 'and I'll have it ... and your hand ... this day or my name is not Cyril Playfair.'

Father Lonergan joins the listening group -- head cocked quizzically at a Playfair whom he never had considered in so romantic a light. It is quite obvious that all of this is news to Playfair.

PLAYFAIR: (appalled)

I couldn't have ...!

MRS. TILLANE: (silencing him with a gesture)

Go on, dear ... This is a new version.

MRS. PLAYFAIR:(still carried away, re-living it all again)

It was a three-legged race! ... I'll never forget it ... Cyril hopped and skipped like a man possessed.

PLAYFAIR: (dourly)

Elizabeth, it was you were doing the hopping and skipping ... It was MY hat, not yours, you were after!

MRS. PLAYFAIR:

Was it? ... Why yes, I do believe you're right, Cyril ... It was your hat, your old boater.

PLAYFAIR: (ruefully)

I'm still wearing it ...

MRS. PLAYFAIR: (dismissing the whole thing)

No matter ... but you should put up your bonnet, Sarah ... A woman with your figure -- excuse me, Cyril -- has no right to go on wearing widow's weeds ...

DANAHER:

My very words ... It's unnatural, that's what ...

(whoedling)

Ah, put up your bonnet ... give me something to ride for!

GUPPY: (waspishly)

I like that! ... give YOU something to ride for when your man Fooney is doing the riding for you ... At least I am still capable of taking my own fences!

DANAHER: (glowering)

An' you'll be takin' one right now with no horse under ye if ...

LONERGAN:

Now, Will ...

But there is a diversion. Sean comes elbowing between Danaher and Guppy, giving either of them scant courtesy.

SEAN:

'scuse me ...

(to secretary)

This where you take the entries?

SECRETARY :

Yes, sir ...

MRS. PLAYFAIR:

Good afternoon, Mister Thornton.

SEAN: (turning)

Oh, hello ...

(nods briefly to the group -- then back to the secretary)

Horse's name is Blackjack ... owner S. Thornton... and I'm ridin' him ... How much?

SECRETARY:

One guinea ... but, Mr. Thornton, you understand this isn't a handicap ... I mean to say, there is no allowance for your weight ... Mr. Danaher, for example, has his own rider ...

SEAN: (staring at Danaher)

I thought this was a gentleman's race ... I didn't know they allowed jockeys.

Guppy smirks his agreement.

DANAHER:(sputtering)

First him, then you ...

SEAN: (turning away from him, back to secretary)

But it's all the same to me ... here's your fee! ... If a man can't ride, he can't ride, I guess.

DANAHER: (to secretary)

Change my entry! ... I'm ridin' Danny Boy myself and five pounds says he'll beat Blackjack.

SEAN:

I'll take it ... anyone else?

GUPPY: (backing down)

I refuse to take advantage of you.

SEAN:

Money talks where I come from!

(he starts to leave)

Just don't anyone get in my way tomorrow!

And his face is as dark as his speech. He gives them all a brief nod and goes.

SEAN: (Continuing, as he does)

Be seeing you.

They look after him -- some with dislike, some with concern and Mrs. Tillane with a quickening pulse.

MRS. TILLANE:

Elizabeth, I think you're right ... I believe I will put up my bonnet tomorrow ... Shall we go, Captain?

DANNER: (eagerly)

I'll see ye to yor carriage!

As Guppy, Danaher and the widow leave, Mrs. Playfair looks after them unhappily -- her mind working on a problem.

115.)
116.)

PLAYFAIR: (looking after her)

Well, that was a sudden decision!

MRS. PLAYFAIR: (thoughtfully)

If Sarah Tillane knew what is in my mind, she'd never speak to me again as long as she lived.

FATHER LONERGAN:

I think I know what is in your mind, Mrs. Playfair ... and I agree with you. But what's to be done?

PLAYFAIR:

As one mind-reader to another, we'll need that rascal Michaeleen Flynn ...

MRS. PLAYFAIR:

We may all have to lie -- just a little

PLAYFAIR: (to Lonergan)

Well, if you'll forgive me, I'll forgive you.

LONERGAN:

My bishop wouldn't like this ...

PLAYFAIR:

Nor would mine.

LONERGAN:

Then we'll do it.

And the two men shake hands.

117. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: (DAY) FULL - WIDE ANGLE

It is the big day in Inisfree and from miles around the folks have come to watch the racing on the strand. For here there is no grandstand, no banked track with a railed course -- merely a fine swoop of beach with the sea glinting on the one side and a bright blaze of color along the dunes where the carts, traps and sidecars are drawn up to provide a line of grandstand seats. Behind them and around are tents and pavillions for the sale of liquor and food, and the gaudy umbrellas of the bookmakers.

The "track" itself is marked off by a series of lance-like stakes set in the sand, topped by little pennants of bright-hued scraps of cloth.

It is all very informal, very gay and very noisy.

At this moment a pony race for children is being run.

117A. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: ANGLE ON THE STRAND

Down the strand come the shaggy little Connemara ponies, ridden by excited youngsters anywhere from 9 to 13 years old. Some of them ride hunched over in true jockey style with bits of ash-plant for whips; some of them ride bareback and some, indeed, even barefoot. At least one little girl is, and she is kicking her sturdy little charger for

A great laugh and shout goes up from the onlookers as the winner over-takes and passes the front-running pony just before the finish line.

117B. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: ANGLE AROUND MRS. TILLANE'S TRAP

Mr. Playfair, with dancing eyes, turns from watching the race.

PLAYFAIR:

A Garrison finish for fair!

Beside Playfair is his wife and there is quite a phalanx around Mrs. Tillane's trap -- so that at first we cannot see her. In this group are Danaher and Guppy, perhaps Aloysius Feeney and one or two others. As this knot of men momentarily parts, we see Mrs. Tillane. She is no longer in Widow's weeds, but is dressed in high style, with a distinctive bonnet. Radiant as a girl at her first prom, she sits like a queen on her pony-trap throne.

(Guppy is wearing a "gentleman-rider's outfit" -- very tight of stock, baggy of breeches and -- what with slapping his boots with his crop and grooming his mustache-- he is acting the very devil of a sporting cavalier.

Danaher is more naturally dressed and looks damned well, in fact. He has on a good tweed coat, corduroy weskit, twill trousers and white canvas gaiters in lieu of riding boots. He swings a black leather crop that would come in handy in a fight.)

DANAHER:

Three in a row! It's yer lucky day, Mrs. Tillane!

MRS. TILLANE:

High time I collected my winnings!

She stands regally and the men fall over themselves trying to be the first to help her descend.

118. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: MED. CLOSE

On the Playfairs. She digs her husband in the ribs and makes a face at him and he, poor man, goes into his act with all the aplomb of a fifth rate actor.

PLAYFAIR:

Oh ... isn't that Mr. Thornton?

119. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: FULL

INCLUDING THE Playfairs and The Tillane group. Playfair's remark has its calculated effect. Mrs. Tillane freezes in the act of descent and looks around with freshened interest.

MRS. TILLANE:

Where?

Playfair actually has only the vaguest idea. He points vaguely in two or three directions.

PLAYFAIR:

Oh ... over there ... somewhere.

And he finally decides on the wrong direction, which exasperates his wife who by this time has spotted Sean.

MRS. PLAYFAIR:

No ... there he is! ... I would like to see that black horse of his, wouldn't you, Sarah?

MRS. TILLANE:

I think I would, Elizabeth.

And the Playfairs exchange complacent nods as Mrs. Tillane gets down.

120. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: FULL

On the strand, Sean stands morosely near his big black horse -- a man who is all too-evidently taking little pleasure in the race meet. His eyes are questing as he scans the lined-up carts and wagons on the dunes. Suddenly he sees what he has been looking for.

121. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: LONG

FROM SEAN'S ANGLE - Group of the carts. Among them -- and clearly CENTERED -- is a rough farm cart on which sits Mary Kate Danaher, with a covey of the neighbors' children. (NOTE: Some of the kids have scarves around their necks, one being green, another white and a third orange.) Mary Kate is dressed more gaily than ever we have seen her, including a wide-brimmed, but plain straw hat.

122. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: CLOSE

On Mary Kate and the children. One little GIRL sits beside her on the front seat.

LITTLE GIRL: (breathless)

He is looking this way, Auntie Mary Kate.

MARY KATE:

Don't stare ... it ... it isn't polite

LITTLE GIRL:

But you've been staring ... all the time.

MARY KATE:(smiling)

Have I? ... I suppose I have ... But then everyone tells me I've very bad manners ... You see, I'm not staring any more.

And she looks off, away from Sean.

123. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: MED. CLOSE

On Sean. Still looking off at Mary Kate, he has been waving to attract her attention; but now he sees that she no longer is looking in his direction, and he sags and his arm drops limp to his side ... He turns at the sound of Mrs. Playfair's voice.

MRS. PLAYFAIR:

Oh, he IS a handsome animal!

Sean turns and the ANGLE WIDENS to INCLUDE the Tillane group -- Mrs. Tillane, who has eyes only for Sean; Mrs. Playfair, who actually had been referring to the horse; Playfair, Guppy and Danaher.

MRS. TILLANE:

Very ... And whose bonnet will you be riding for, Mr. Thornton ... or dare I ask?

Mrs. Playfair joins Mrs. Tillane while the three men are circling Blackjack ... with Danaher perking up his ears at Mrs. Tillane's question and jealously coming closer.

Sean stares at the transformed Mrs. Tillane .. and she isn't at all displeased.

SEAN:

Why,.. I don't know, Mrs. Tillane ... That's a mighty pretty bonnet you're wearing.

MRS. TILLANE: (touching it -- not too obviously)

(*)Blue has always been one of my favorite colors... Are you backing your horse, Mr. Thornton?

(*) (or whatever)

SEAN:

I might.

Mrs. Tillane takes his arm.

MRS. TILLANE:

Come along then ... I may risk a pound or two on you myself.

So willy-nilly Sean finds himself being led off toward the betting booths. Guppy jealously ranges along. Danaher, with a dark face, is about to follow suit when Mrs.Playfair -- with seeming casualness -- takes his arm, bending Playfair a meaningful look.

PLAYFAIR: (on her cue)

They DO make a handsome couple.

MRS. PLAYFAIR:

Absolutely MADE for each other.

Danaher comes to a full stop.

DANAHER:

What are ye talkin' about .. Ye know full well

MRS. PLAYFAIR:

I admit I thought so once ... You don't think he's too young for her, Cyril?

PLAYFAIR: (reflectively)

Nooo...Although a younger woman might be...

MRS. PLAYFAIR:

And how is your sister these days, Mr. Danaher?

Danaher is so stunned by all this, that Mrs. Playfair virtually has to drag him out of his tracks and start him along after the receding party.

124. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: FULL
The Strand - Father Lonergan's cart.

Father Paul is loading the parish horse out of the traces of the parish cart. The young priest wears a heavy sweater -- which does not quite conceal his Roman collar -- and a pair of black clerical trousers bound with twine at knee and ankle.

Father Lonergan comes from alongside the cart, having lifted out a well-used racing saddle. The two priests now earnestly go about the business of saddling up St. Anselm's entry, Kilrua.

LONERGAN:

Now I am not looking for you to win, Father Paul...

PAUL:

But I made the novena!

LONGERGAN:

Second place would be a miracle enough ... and we'll settle for third ... that would be ten pounds.

PAUL:

For Dermot Fahy's fiddles ...again?

LONERGAN:

It is! And if the odds are right ... a new suit for you, Paul.

PAUL (devoutly)

Oh, thank you, Father! ... Will you give me your blessing now?

The young priest bows his head as Father Lonergan half-raises his right arm -- only to stop the gesture.

FATHER LONERGAN:

Later! ... Here comes the opposition.

And as both priests look that way:

125 EXT. THE RACE COURSE: ANOTHER ANGLE

The Playfairs approach, escorting the still-puzzled Danaher.

PLAYFAIR:

Good day to ...

(sees Kilrua and Father Paul's get-up)

Ah, not again! Not old Kilrua! The poor old fellow!

He advances as though to pat the old steed.

LONERGAN: (interposing)

None of that! ... You'll be getting him all excited and dissipating his energies!

PLAYFAIR: (blankly)

What energies?

MRS. PLAYFAIR: (going into her act)

Father, isn't it grand about Mrs. Tillane?

LONERGAN: (who has forgotten)

Huh? ... Oh, yes. Yes it is. Grand!

(to Danaher)

And to think it might not have happened if you'd given him permission to court Mary Kate ...

Danaher pulls his arm loose from Mrs. Playfair and goes stamping away. Lonergan looks guilty as hell.

126.) EXT. THE RACE COURSE- MICHAELEEN'S BETTING BOX: FULL
127.)

It is little more than a raised box on a platform with a big guady umbrella over it. Mrs. Tillane, Guppy and Sean are facing the little man.

MICHAELEEN: (to Sean)

Save your money ... Ye're eight to one and ye should be twonty! ... What do you know of steeplechasin'?

SEAN:

Will you take my ten pounds or do I lay it somewhere else...?

MICHAELEEN:

Take it elsewhere ... I won't have it on me conscience!

Sean shrugs and leads Mrs. Tillane away. Flynn looks after them, then gestures for another man to come up. He slips the man a bill.

MICHAELEEN:

Be puttin' this fiver on Blackjack for me ... an' not a word!

As the man hurries off, Danaher comes stamping up.

DANAHER:

Flynn, if you've been doing any match-making between Thornton and my widow, I'll break you in two.

FLYNN:

Hah! So ye've heard ...

DANAHER:

What kind o' scoundrel is he? ... One minute me sister, the next herself!

FLYNN:

Blame no one but yourself! ... Had ye retained me as yer shuagraun, you and the widow would have been man and wife long since ... and I'm not saying it's too late yet.

DANAHER: (suspiciously)

What do ye mean...?

FLYNN:

Why do ye think Mrs. Tillane has stood ye off so long?

(the blarney)

Ye're a fine-lookin' man, aren't ye?

DANAHER:

I am.

FLYNN:

A rich propertied man?

DANAHER:

Well, she knows it!

FLYNN:

Sober, industrious, a pillar o' society, well 'n' fully endowed with all the powers 'n' the graces...

DANAHER: (angrily grabbing Flynn)

Those were the very words you said at Tim Ryan's wake!

FLYNN: (recovering fast)

I did ... and I'll say the same for you, dead or alive!

DANAHER: (mollified)

I'll accept that ... Go on.

FLYNN:

Yet in spite of it all, she won't have ye ... and for why? ... Because of Mary Kate!

Danaher:

What's she to do with it? ...

MICHAELEEN: (the oracle)

What woman will go to a house with another woman in it! ... Had you been rid of Mary Kate, Mrs. Tillane would have been in like a shot!

DANAHER: (awed and impressed)

No!

MICHAELEEN:

Yes! ... Ye had yer chance and ye flubbed it ... Ye refused Sean Thornton and he boomeranged on ye! ... Now I doubt he'd have your sister if ye put five hundred pounds on her.

DANAHER:

Oh, he wouldn't? ... There's where you're wrong, my little man ... and here I go to prove it!

And Michaeleen has all he can do to keep from doing a jig as Danaher goes stomping off.

128. EXT. RACE COURSE- NEAR STARTING LINE: FULL

Hugh Forbes, in the role of starter, stands facing the crowd as the pipers blow a wild skirl for attention.

FORBES:

Ladies -- Gentlemen ... Your attention! Will all the lovely ladies who are putting up their bonnets for the grand steeplechase please come forward .... LADIES .... YOUR BONNETS ... And will the gentleman riders come to the starting line ... ALL RIDERS PLEASE!

And as the pipers swing into a merry tune -- like a Grand March:

129. EXT. RACE COURSE: ANGLE ON SIDELINES

Here and there the crowd parts to make way for Lady with a Bonnet.

A fresh-faced girl -- giggling with excitement -- is encouraged along.

VOICES: (ad lib)

Good luck, Eileen ...
Ah, there's a bonnet!
Does a kiss go with it, dearie?

ANGLE ON Mary Kate's cart. Red Will Danaher stands before Mary Kate.

DANAHER:

Don't sit there gawkin'! ... You're goin' to put up yer bonnet!

MARY KATE: (whipping off her hat)

I will do no such shameless thing!

DANAHER: (raising his crop)

You will or I'll ...

MARY KATE: (grabbing up an equally stout whip)

You do and your next ride will be to your own funeral.

Just then Sean, with Mrs. Tillane leaning on his arm, comes by. He stares at Mary Kate and she at him. Mrs. Tillane is rather patronizing as she calls over her shoulder to Mary Kate.

MRS. TILLANE:

What, no bonnet, Mary Kate? What a pity!

Mary Kate's jaw sets at this.

DANAHER:

Now! Will you?

Mary Kate whips the scarves from the nearest children.

MARY KATE: (mad as hell)

You bet I will!

And she starts winding the yellow, white and green scarves around the brim of her plain straw -- as she jumps down and precedes the somewhat startled Danaher down toward the starting line.

They pass the pooring Michaeleen. His face registers alarm and concern and he goes sprinting off to intercept Sean. (NOTE: Michaeleen, like a wily fisherman, knows he has Danaher on the hook; but to play him safely, he knows he has to keep a tight line. Im short, he has to make sure that Danaher contines to be jealous of Sean and uncertain of Sean's attitude toward the widow.)

131. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: FULL

The riders are trotting their horses up to the starting line and two or three of the bonnetted ladies are waiting in a little group at the track's edge.

132. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: ANOTHER ANGLE

Sean is about to mount his horse when Michaeleen runs alongside and catches his leg.

MICHAELEEN:

He's makin' her put up her bonnet!

SEAN:

Who?

MICHAELEEN:

Danaher! ... Mary Kate.

Sean turns eagerly as though to confirm this, but Michaeleen plucks at him again.

MICHAELEEN:

Sean, don't put a finger on it! ... If ye win, grab Mrs. Tillane's!

SEAN: (thunderstruck)

What? Are you crazy?

He swings onto his saddle.

MICHAELEEN:(pleading, desperately)

Do as I say, boy ... or we'll be ruint!

But there is no telling, in Sean's manner whether he is going to heed Michaeleen or not. He rides out to the starting line.

133. EXT. RACE COURSE - AT STARTING LINE: FULL

The riders are lining up -- Danaher, Father Paul, Guppy, a few others and now Sean.

HUGH FORBES:

And now, ladies, if you will!

The pipers strike up a merry air -- something in the style of a Grand Promenade -- and the group of six or seven women step out in single file to line up facing the line of riders. Mary Kate and Mrs. Tillane are the two central figures -- opposing the three central riders: Sean, Danaher and Guppy.

The pipers stop their playing.

HUGH FORBES: (formally)

The gentlemen salute the fair!

The riders doff their hats and make a gallant bow. Sean, taking his cue from the others, does the same.

134. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: MED.

Mary Kate and Mrs. Tillane. With Mary Kate looking shyly up at Sean and Mrs. Tillane with a clear challenge. (Their contrasting bonnets must be clearly seen).

135. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: FULL - AS BEFORE

FORBES: (formally)

The fair thank the gentlemen and stake their bonnets and their favors!

The gals make a formal courtsey. Then the pipes break out again and the women walk toward the riders, passing between the horses to a series of stakes behind them -- representing the finish line. And here they doff their bonnets and place them atop the stakes.

DURING THIS:

136. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: ANGLE FROM BEHIND SEAN

As Mary Kate, on the one side, and Mrs. Tillane, on the other, pass him on the way to the stakes.

137. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: FULL

With the stakes now crowned with their bonnets, the women break and run full tilt back to the sidelines amid the cheers of the crowd.

FORBES: (loud)

NOW CLEAR THE COURSE!

138.) SERIES OF SHOTS: (at director's discretion)
139.)

FATHER PAUL: Intent, watching the starter.

DANAHER:- Glaring at Sean suspiciously out of the corner of his mad-bull eye.

SEAN: Looking uncertainly back over his shoulder to see:

TWO HATS: Mary Kate's and Mrs. Tillane's stuck side-by-side on the stakes.

GUPPY: Edging out his whipstock, for a chance to poke it in the eye of Blackjack.

FORBES: On the sidelines -- holding a short cane with a flutter of ribbons on it, watching the starters -- and then bringing it down and yelling:

FORBES:

Go!

140. EXT. THE RACE COURSE- THE BREAKAWAY: FULL

Blackjack rears back as Guppy's whipstock flails across his nose. Guppy is off in the lead, and the field fanning wide with Blackjack getting off a bad last -- churning up the sand of the beach.

141. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: CLOSE

On Michaeleen, covering his stricken eyes with a hand at Sean's bad start.

142. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: CLOSE

On Mary Kate. Her heart in her mouth as she watches.

143. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: FULL

On the race. The riders have reached the turn away from the beach and up across the dunes ... Guppy is still in the lead, with two other horses following, then Danaher and Sean a little closer, but still a bad last.

The riders round the stakes at the turn.

144. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: ANOTHER ANGLE

There is another short stretch of straight ground and two low hurdles. The riders take the low hurdles -- Sean is closing in a little.

145. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: WIDE ANGLE

The riders are now on the far turn, which will bring them down the course on the parallel opposite the sea. The crowd starts running across the dunes to the opposite side.

146. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: ANOTHER ANGLE

At the far turn. Guppy swings around the stakes, still in the lead. Another rider is close behind. Then Danaher. Then Father Paul. Then Sean ... and one or two men behind him. The field is stringing out now. It is no longer a closely-bunched race.

147. EXT. THE RACE COURSE - ANOTHER IMPROVISED HURDLE: ANGLE

Guppy goes flying over .... Then Danaher ... Then Sean...

148. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: CLOSER ANGLE

Sean flies by Danaher with Guppy still a few lengths in front.

149. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: CLOSE

On Guppy. He looks over his shoulder and sees Sean gaining. He deliberately starts swinging out and in -- to keep Sean from passing.

150. EXT. THE RACE COURSE:

ANGLE FROM BEHIND the riders. SHOWING Sean's difficulty in trying to pass the weaving Guppy -- SHOWING ALSO that they are approaching a broad slue with a relatively narrow approach.

SEAN: (shouting)

I'm comin' thru!

151. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: ANOTHER ANGLE

At the slue. Sean comes abreast of Guppy and both riders go flying over the narrow cut in the sand -- with a twelve-foot marshy slue to hurdle.

At the last second Guppy tries to swerve his horse against BLACKJACK, but he fails -- and goes sailing off to land on his rump in the brackish water.

Sean reins in -- concerned for a moment whether the man has been hurt.

SEAN:

You all right...?

In that same moment, with a triumphant laugh, Danaher pounds past him, closely followed by Father Paul. Sean digs spurs and goes off in pursuit.

152. EXT. THE RACE COURSE - THE STRAIGHTWAY TO THE FINISH:

Around the near turn comes Danaher in the lead, with Father Paul second and then Sean ...

153. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: CLOSE

On Mary Kate. She is yelling now and she doesn't care who knows it.

MARY KATE:

Oh, come on, Sean ... come on!

154. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: CLOSE

On Michaeleen. He stands near the widow -- but behind her. He is pointing like mad at her head -- in the hope that Sean conceivably would be noticing him and remembering his orders.

155. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: CLOSE

On Father Lonergan. He has his eyes on the race and his beads in his hand.

156. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: ANGLE

SHOOTING PAST the two bonnets AT the oncoming riders. It is a neck and neck finish with Danaher and Sean thundering down the track.

157. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: ANGLE

On Sean. He can't make up his mind. He brings down his whip.

158. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: ANGLE

AT Finish, SHOOTING PAST the hats. We can see that Sean is in front -- extending his hand as he speeds by -- followed by Danaher and Father Paul. But we cannot see which hat he has snatched.

159. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: ANOTHER ANGLE

SIDEVIEW. Sean in front -- a hat in his hand; Danaher second and Father Paul third -- crossing the line ... the other riders pounding by -- snatching hats, as they cross.

160. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: CLOSE

On Mary Kate. Her face a great question mark.

161. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: ANGLE

ON the stakes. They are tilted now, a few are down -- but one still stands -- and it has Mary Kate's bonnet on it!

162. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: ANGLE

ON Mary Kate. She sees it, can hardly credit it -- and then with a smothered sob -- turns and starts running blindly thru the cheering pack back toward her cart.

163. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: ANGLE

ON Sean. He canters back toward the finish line, with the widow's bonnet still clutched in his hand. Michaeleen comes running out to meet him.

MICHAELEEN: (chuckling)

Ye did fine, ye did fine!

SEAN: (a gruff and angry whisper)

Why this hat? .... Why not Mary Kate's?... And what am I supposed to do with it?

MICHAELEEN: (shushing him)

Shh, now ... it's all part of the conspiracy... Now ye take the bonnet and hand it to the widow with yer best bow and yer brightest smile ...

Sean is puzzled still,and inclined to be rebellious.

MICHAELEEN: (urgently, continuing)

Go on now! ... do as I tell ye!

So with a shrug, Sean continues to:

164. EXT. THE RACE COURSE - AT THE FINISH LINE: FULL

Group assembled around Mrs. Tillane. Among them are the Playfairs, Father Lonergan, Hugh Forbes. Mrs. Tillane is waiting with a warm smile and a bouquet of flowers.

SEAN: (bowing)

Your bonnet, Mrs. Tillane.

She gives him the flowers in exchange.

MRS. TILLANE:

Thank you ... Sean.

As they all applaud, Sean acknowledges his reception... and then starts away. His eyes are questing the sidelines, looking for Mary Kate. Mister Playfair steps up close to him.

PLAYFAIR:

A fine race. You rode like a trooper!

Sean reins in -- his face registering shock and dismay at the word. And in the same instant Playfair darts him a look of sudden recognition and understanding.

PLAYFAIR: (continuing)

Trooper! ... Trooper Thorn! Of course! I knew I had seen your face ...

SEAN: (soberly)

All right. You know ... But I wish you'd forget it.

PLAYFAIR: (all sympathy)

I understand...it must have been very hard for you ...

(a little lighter)

Don't worry ... It will be our secret.

SEAN:

Thanks...

And he moves along -- still looking for Mary Kate.

165. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: ANGLE

ON Danaher and Michaeleen ON the track. Danaher is glaring darkly off at Sean.

DANAHER:

Does yer offer still stand?

MICHAELEEN:

Well now, that depends .... You were mentionin' five hundred pounds?

DANAHER:

Three fifty and not a penny more!

Michaeleen spits in his fist and extends his mitt. Danaher does the same. The two shake hands on it.

MICHAELEEN: (all business)

I'll be informin' me principal.

He looks off and his eyes widen:

166. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: ANGLE

ON Sean. He is taking off on a tearing gallop after Mary Kate's cart, which she is whipping across the dunes. Mrs. Tillane and the others stare after him.

167. EXT. THE RACE COURSE: ANGLE

ON Michaeleen and Danaher. Danaher is looking suspiciously at Michaeleen, wondering whether he has been hoodwinked after all.

MICHAELEEN: (awe in his tones)

It must be mintal teligriphy!

168. EXT. THE RACE COURSE- THE DUNE: CLOSE

Whipping up her horse, her hair flying behind her, angry tears in her eyes, she is driving with no thought but to get away from the scene of her humiliation. She hears the pounding of hooves behind her -- and turns as Sean yells her name.

SEAN: (o.s.)

Mary Kate! Wait!

But Mary Kate drives all the faster.

169. EXT. THE RACE COURSE - THE DUNES: FULL

Sean pulls abreast of the cart and tosses the bouquet into Mary Kate's lap. This is the last outrage: getting another woman's flowers. With an indignant exclamation, she takes the flowers and heaves them away. Sean pulls up and stands there despondently as the little cart goes bumping and bouncing over the dunes.

DISSOLVE:

170. EXT. ST. ANSELM'S CHAPEL: (DAY)

It is a radiant Sunday morning. The mass has just ended. Out of the church pours a group of little girls, all of them inclined to the giggles and spinning the giant Sean Thornton like a clumsy bit of driftwood caught in a gleeful wave.

Sean is dressed in his Sunday best, with his derby hat in one fist and a paper-collared nosegay in the other.

As the tide of little girls rips out, he is left atanding in the doorway with Michaeleen Flynn,

171. EXT. ST. ANSELM'S CHAPEL: CLOSER ANGLE
At church doorway. As the adults come out, every man and woman of them gives Sean his amused and pleased interest. For the Banns have just been read and a man in that position rates a broad wink from the men and the pleased smile which women always reserve for a male about to be trapped in matrimony. Sean's smile, in return, is as stiff and unnatural as a celluloid collar.

Suddenly he sees the one he has been waiting for and he steps back into the church vestibule.

172. INT. CHURCH VESTIBULE:

Mary Kate is emerging on the arm of her brother Will. She is dressed in her best and so is Red Will.

Sean hastens to the holy water font and this time, with an air that defies them all, Michaeleen included -- he dips his hand and waits for Mary Kate to play patty-fingers. And she does. It is a triumphant moment!

Red Will still has no use for his brother-in-law to be, and his manner plainly shows it. He clears his throat resoundingly and it compels the attention of all the churchgoers in the vestibule.

DANAHER:

The banns havin' been read and no man objectin' ...

(he glares around for possible objectors -- finds none)

... I'm permittin' this man to court my sister.

Seen at once moves closer to Mary Kate, extending the nosegay. Danaher steps between them -- but she reaches past and accepts the posies with a smile.

DANAHER: (continuing)

UNDER the usual conditions! Mister Flynn, do you assume yer responsibility?

MICHAELEEN:

I do. They'll do their walkin' an' talkin' under me own eye, no less!

DANAHER:

Then let the courtin' commence!

He steps back and Sean moves close to Mary Kate. He starts to cup a hand under her elbow, but Michaeleen has a fit.

MICHAELEEN:

Tut-tut-tut! None o' that! Hands to ye'self and yer own side o' the road ... Let's have ye now!

So very pointedly hands-to-himself, Sean and Mary Kate set out from the church -- running the gauntlet of eyes and with Michaeleen Flynn pacing behind them like a Celtic duenna.

173. EXT. ST. ANSELM'S CHAPEL:

Michaeleen's sidecar stands out front, with a few ribbons on it and a pompom stuck in the horse's mane.

Sean again moves to offer his hand to Mary Kate as they reach the sidecar ... but Michaeleen elbows him away.

MICHAELEEN:

The other side of the car, please!

Sean has to go all the way around and up onto the other side. All this under the watchful scrutiny of the villagers. Michaeleen now clambers up. And as he whips up the mare, the knot of little girls seen earlier dash from behind the shrubbery and pelt the sidecar with flowers.

Down the street they go at a sober, Sunday clip.

174.)SERIES OF SHOTS - THE COURTING
175.)INT. THE CAR: MED. CLOSE
176.)

Sean and Mary Kate seem to have no tongues. He looks at her and grins a foolish grin and she smiles -- and sniffs at his posies. Michaeleen begins to whistle tunelessly. Sean puts up with this as long as he can.

SEAN: (exploding)

I don't get this! Why do we have to have you along? In America, I'd drive up -- honk my horn ... out she'd come ...

MARY KATE: (shocked)

I'd do no such! ... I'm no woman to be honked at and come a-running!

MICHAELEEN:

Ah, they're barbarians in America! Barbarians! Pro-hibition!

Sean grins and smiles at Mary Kate. She smiles back.

177. EXT. THE VICARAGE: FULL

The sidecar is passing Mister Playfair's church. Mister Playfair is wearing his clerical surplice. Mrs. Playfair

stands beside him and he is looking -- a little mournfully -- at one or two members of his congregation going down the path from his door.

He and Mrs. Playfair both brighten as the sidecar appears. Michaeleen reins in.

MICHAELEEN:

Good morning, Mister Reverint ...
Fine day ... Missus Reverint.

(he looks after the two congregationers -- then lowers his voice, confidentially)

And how was the business this morning?

PLAYFAIR:

I preached a brilliant sermon ..., profound, eloquent, dripping with literary and classical allusions ...

MRS. PLAYFAIR:

You were splendid, my dear!

PLAYFAIR: (ruefully)

... to a congregation consisting of my wife, Mr. and Mrs. Smyth-Smith, and the sisters Abernathy, one of whom is quite deaf.

MICHAELEEN:

Ah, that's too bad ...

PLAYFAIR: (mournfully)

I'm afraid my bishop would think so ... but he's not due for a while yet ...

Michaeleen whips up.

MICHAELEEN:

Well, don't give up! We may have some back-sliders for you before he comes ...

MRS. PLAYFAIR: (calling)

Congratulations, you two!

SEAN: (calling back)

Thanks!

178. EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF INISFREE: FULL

The little sidecar continues out of the town toward the open country.

179. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - RUIN: ANOTHER ANGLE

The sidecar approaches a towering stone ruin -- relic of some great castle or abbey.

180. INT. THE CAR: MED. CLOSE

Michaeleen points off toward the ruin with his whip.

MICHAELEEN: (impressively)

That is the ancistral home of the Flynns ... T'was taken from us by the Dru-ids.

Sean stares, more or less believing it; but Mary Kate has to clap a hand to her mouth to stifle her laughter. Michaeleen drives along in silence -- and then begins to worry. Finally he reins in.

MICHAELEEN: (continuing)

Ye're the quietest pair I've ever courted ... We'll get nowhere at this rate ... Out with ye! ... I'll let ye do a healthy mile or so ... just to get used to walkin' correctly together.

Sean jumps down eagerly and hurries around to extend a hand to Mary Kate.

MICHAELEEN: (continuing)

Ah-ah! ... She's a fine healthy girl ... no pattyfingers if you please!

181. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE: FULL

Sean and Mary Kate start their stroll with Michaeleen pacing along beside them. After suitable footage.

182. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE: MOVING SHOT
On the pair, Michaeleen in b.g.

SEAN:

Nice day.

MARY KATE: (demurely)

Yes it is, Mister Thornton.

SEAN:

Pretty hat you're wearing.

MARY KATE: (wheeling on him)

Don't you talk to me about bonnets after leaving mine perched up there like a ...

She seems about to haul off and wallop him.

MICHAELEEN: (aghast)

What's this -- a courtin' or a Donnybrook! ... Have the manners not to be hittin' the man 'til he's your husband and entitled to hit back!

MARY KATE: (penitently)

I am sorry.

They resume their walk.

MARY KATE:

I have a fearful temper ... You had better know about it now than find out later ... We Danahers are fighting people.

SEAN: (looking at her)

I can think of a lot of things I'd rather do with one of the Danahers -- Miss Danaher.

MARY KATE: (not really shocked)

Shh, Mister Thornton ... What will Mister Flynn be thinking?

183. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE: CLOSE

On Michaeleen. His eyes are crinkling like a leprechaun's and he is whistling at the sky -- well-pleased with the turn in the courting.

184. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE: FULL

They resume their walking ... but this time Sean and the girl are perceptibly closer to each other. With a cautious look over his shoulder, he inches his hand out toward hers; with a cautious look over her shoulder, she slips her hand into his.

185. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE: CLOSE

On Michaeleen. He lowers his eyes to see this and he grins a little -- but quickly hides it.

MICHAELEEN:

We'll be turnin' back now ... ye've had enough excitement for one day.

186. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE: CLOSE

On Sean and Mary Kate; looks of utter exasperation and dismay. But Michaeleen means it. They start back.

187. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - RE-ENTERING INISFREE - NEAR VICARAGE: FULL

Michaeleen is half-asleep, dozing on the sidecar. Sean and the girl are quite wide-awake.

188. INT. CAR: CLOSE

On the two.

SEAN:

This is murder.

MARY KATE: (solemnly)

Yes, it is.

SEAN:

I wish we could duck him.

MARY KATE: (seriously)

So do I ... but the river's too far.

Sean gives her a look and chuckles. Suddenly he spots something off.

SEAN:

Look!

188A. EXT. VICARAGE: REVERSE ANGLE

The Playfair's tandem leaning against the Vicarage wall.

189. EXT. VICARAGE: CLOSE

On the two. Mary Kate knows at once what's in his mind.

SEAN:

Can you ride a bike?

Mary Kate gives him a quick nod.

SEAN: (continuing)

Then what are we waiting for? ...

He grabs her hand and they run.

190. EXT. MAIN STREET OF TOWN: FULL

As the two race for the bike, get on and go pedalling right down the main street of the town. Michaeleen awakens with a jerk.

MICHAELEEN: (half asleep)

Up the rebels! ... COME back here!

He whips up his horse and off he goes in pursuit -- as the Playfairs emerge, see what is happening and stand laughing.

Down the street flies the tandem -- past the Sarsfield Arms and its pub.

191. EXT. SARSFIELD ARMS:

Michaeleen reaches the pub door and the horse stops cold.

MICHAELEEN:

Up, up! Git on with ye ... It's Sunday, ye fool ... the pub's not open! NORAH! ...

He jumps off, races over and rattles the door. Pat Cohan pokes a startled head out of the window.

PAT:

What's all this ...

MICHAELEEN: (frantic)

Open yer door like a good Christian ...

(staring down the street)

I'll be too late ...

PAT:

We're closed ...

MICHAELEEN:

I know that but the horse doesn't!

When Pat opens the door, Michaeleen runs in and runs out, slamming the door. But he realizes it's too late -- that they've escaped him.

MICHAELEEN: (continuing; giving up)

Ah, what's the use?

192.)
193.) SERIES OF SHOTS - THE TANDEM - MARY KATE AND SEAN.
194.)
195.)

Racing over the old bridge -- like a couple of kids on a holiday.

Down a winding sweep of road.

Cresting a hill.

Rolling to a stop at a brook with stepping stones across it.

196. EXT. AT BROOK: FULL

In a flash Mary Kate is off the bike, letting Sean trundle it aside and lean it against a stile. Meanwhile, she is kicking off her shoes and peeling down her stockings. Sean turns from the bike to find her splashing across the stream. He has to make his own best way over the stepping stones -- in belated pursuit.

She taunts him from the other side, then goes off on the run through the fields.

197. EXT. FIELD: FULL

Across the fields, Mary Kate running like a wild thing with her red hair flying behind her and Sean chasing after. As she races on out of the shot, Sean comes in -- puffing a little. He looks after her with new respect -- as he shucks his coat, loosens his tie -- and resumes the race.

198. EXT. THE CLIFFS OF MOHER: LONG (AND A SERIES OF PICTURES)

As Sean comes running up, overtakes her and they start walking -- hand in hand -- along the cliff tops. They come at last to a halt.

199. EXT. CLIFFS OF MOHER: CLOSE TWO

Mary Kate drops to her knees, then swings her weight back on her haunches, both arms braced behind her and head thrown back to breathe the liquid air. Sean drops close beside her, lost in wonder at her beauty.

SEAN:

If anyone had told me six months ago that today I'd be in Inisfree ... sitting on the cliffs ... with a girl like you ... and going to be married ...

MARY KATE: (teasing him)

Oh, marriage is a long way off yet ...

SEAN:

Huh?

MARY KATE:

We've just begun the courting! ... Now next month we'll do the walking-out together ... The month after they'll be having the harvest dances ... The month after that ...

Sean reaches out and grabs her arm; he pulls her toward him and she looks at him with wide, unfrightened eyes. He says not a word, but merely is shaking his head in a slow negation.

MARY KATE: (continuing)

Well, it may be we won't have to wait that month?

Sean still shakes his head.

MARY KATE: (still more flustered)

Nor till the harvest dances?

Sean still shakes his head.

MARY KATE: (continuing; shakily)

Nor even for the walkin'-out?

Sean still shakes his head. His arm is more possessive now.

MARY KATE: (very soft; continuing)

OH? ... Then so much the worse for you, Sean Thornton ... for I feel the same myself!

And she starts to sway into his arms, when there is a crack of thunder that goes echoing and tumbling against the cliffs. She leaps back and they both stand. Sean laughs off into the face of the dark clouds and he scales his derby hat into their teeth.

SEAN:

If that's a warning, keep it ... You don't scare me!

Mary Kate laughs with him.

MARY KATE:

You talk big -- but listen to that now!

And another growling roar of thunder splits the rocks and a jagged flash of lightning heralds the downpour.

MARY KATE: (continuing)

Hurry, we'll be drowned!

She reaches her hand to him, he takes it and the pair of them go racing down the slope -- silhouetted against the darkening sky.

200. EXT. A RUIN IN THE NEAR DISTANCE: ANOTHER ANGLE

Sean and Mary Kate dashing down the slope, headed toward the ruin.

201. EXT. AT RUIN: CLOSE (WITHIN THE RUIN)

They reach it just as the big drops start to fall. Breathless, excited, they face each other in the rain. Sean starts to put his jacket around her but his hands hold her shoulders. The rain is pelting now -- a warm, hard summer rain. Then her arms are as fierce around him as his on her. They kiss and the jacket drops unheeded to the ground. The rain beats upon them and molds them together.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

202. EXT. DANAHER HOUSE: (AFTERNOON)

It is a scene as gay as Breughel's wedding feast. Trestle tables with their long benches; a cleared central area with long planks laid for the dancing; carts and horses in the surround -- and every able-bodied man, woman and child on the place to celebrate the wedding of Sean and Mary Kate.

203.)
204.)
205.) SERIES OF SHOTS (or possibly a long DOLLY)
206.)

The IRISH PIPERS - their faces red and their eyes bright, as they play a lively jig -- The Walls of Limerick.

THE DANCERS - hands on hips, heels and toes tapping, turning the rough boards of the improvised dance floor into a giant tap-drum.

STUDIES OF INDIVIDUAL PAIRS:

Michaeleen with a woman twice his heft, but with the lightest foot on the floor.

Young FATHER PAUL, clerical dignity overboard, tapping it skillfully with MRS. PLAYFAIR.

AT A TABLE ON THE SIDELINES - Father Lonergan and Mister Playfair, with pint pots of porter comfortably close to their hands, beating time to the music and nodding their mutual approbation.

A SET OF LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS - in the dust at the edge of the dance floor. They are imitating the elders and doing a helluva good job of it.

CLOSE ON A KEG OF PORTER - as the tap is turned, the foamy brown beer gushes out and at once six fists shove as many thirsty pint-pots under the flow.

CLOSE ON RED WILL DANAHER STANDING NEAR THE KEG - Draining a pot at a gulp. Will is flushed, a little disheveled, but in a robust good humor -- a man ready for fight or frolic. His eyes focus and hold on someone off -- and he wipes his lips in greedy anticipation of good things to come.

CLOSE OF MRS. TILLANE - clearly the object of Danaher's interest. But the widow alone is taking no pleasure in the scene. She is seated with Guppy and a few other of the "gentry" and her fingers are drumming the table, not in beat with the music, but in tune with the bitterness in her own heart. She too is staring -- hungrily -- at:

SEAN AND MARY KATE - seated centrally at a long table, which is elevated a little above the others. HUGH FORBES sits at Sean's right -- and Owen Glynn with a pretty girl at his left.

Mary Kate has folded back her wedding veil. She and Sean are holding hands, looking happily out over the scene.

207. EXT. DANAHER HOUSE: FULL

Owen Glynn gives Forbes a nod -- and both men jump up and pull the gleeful Mary Kate and the protesting Sean out into the dance.

208. EXT. DANAHER HOUSE: ANOTHER ANGLE

A laughing group of the dancers and others line the edge of the floor and start clapping hands as Sean and Mary Kate pair off.

SEAN: (protesting)

But I don't know the footwork ...

MARY KATE: (laughing at him)

It's easy -- look now!

And she goes into the saucy dance, trying to guide him-- and he, with good nature and clumsy feet, does the best he can. The dance ends and Sean takes his bride and draws her off a little to the side.

209. EXT. DANAHER HOUSE: CLOSE

On Mary Kate and Sean.

SEAN: (confidentially)

What do you say, Mrs. Thornton ... Shall we ...?

And he jerks his head in a "getaway" direction.

MARY KATE:

We couldn't!

SEAN: (insinuating)

I saw where the Playfairs parked their bike ...

MARY KATE: (laughing, but refusing)

Without even cutting the wedding cake?

She takes his hand and starts to draw him toward the house.

SEAN: (explosively)

Who wants cake at a time like this? What I want is ...

She puts her hand firmly over his mouth, laughing at him.

210. EXT. DANAHER HOUSE: ANOTHER ANGLE

Mrs. Tillane at her table in the f.g., watching a general drifting of people after Sean and Kate, toward the Danaher house.

She has seen all she can take. She stands and turns to Guppy, picking up her gloves, etc. with the air of the departing guest.

MRS. TILLANE:

Come, Captain Guppy!

At this moment Red Will Danaher comes over and takes her arm possessively.

DANAHER:

Your arm, Sarah darlin' ...

Willy-nilly she finds herself being dragged off to the house. Guppy stares. Danaher bends a triumphant look on him as they go.

DANAHER: (continuing)

From this day forward I'll have no other by my side ...

And he laughs loud as Mrs. Tillane stares: is the man drunk?

211. INT. DANAHER HOUSE:

A gay assembly is standing around the big table as Sean and Mary Kate are cutting the huge wedding cake.

Candles are lit on the table and mantlepiece against the coming of dusk. The fiddles are playing outside, but in a more romantic tempo than before.

In the room are the more important members of the wedding party: Father Lonergan and Father Paul, the Playfairs, Mrs. Tillane and Guppy; Hugh Forbes, Owen Glynn, Michaeleen and a number of others of all ages, but clearly the most solid and respected members of the community.

Red Will Danaher stands close to the widow, and near him is his little man, Aloysius Feeney.

Not merely is the cake going around, but a maid (hired for the occasion) is passing around a tray with glasses of wine -- and maybe little crystal shot-glasses of whisky for the men.

During all of this, FATHER PAUL is singing "Miss Danaher's Wedding Cake" (a take-off from MISS FOGARTY'S CHRISTMAS CAKE). Dermot Fahy's fiddling provides the accompaniment.

212. INT. DANAHER HOUSE: CLOSE

On Michaeleen and the Playfairs. Michaeleen nudges Mister Playfair -- and he raises his glass to them both.

MICHAELEEN: (confidentially)

To a successful conspiracy!

The Playfairs smile and wink and touch their glasses to him. Then they all turn and look off!

213. INT. DANAHER HOUSE: CLOSE

On Father Lonergan. He winks and raises his glass to them.

214. INT. DANAHER HOUSE: FULL

The room as Father Paul's song ends. Now Hugh Forbes takes the floor -- glass high.

FORBES:

A toast ... to the bride and groom!

There is a jovial murmur at this, but Michaeleen prances into the center of the room.

MICHAELEEN: (imperatively - but laughing)

One moment -- one moment! As shuagraun, I say there'll be no toasts until we've seen the bride's fortune ...

AD LIBS: (laughing)

That's right ... the fortune .. bring it out, Red Will.

DANAHER: (reluctantly)

She'll have it, now, never fear!

MICHAELEEN:

Ah-ah! ... We'll see the fortune, Mister Danaher.

AD LIBS: (still laughing)

Bring it out ... Where's the girl's fortune ... Come on with ye, Will ...

Danaher laughs explosively and his hand plucks a leather pouch from under his belt. He holds it high.

DANAHER:

Then look you well!

And with that he upturns the pouch over a small table and out pours the gold into a shining heap. There is a delighted cry from them all, and murmurs of amaze.

215. INT. DANAHER HOUSE: MED. CLOSE

Mary Kate and Sean. She gives her husband a proud look, as though to say "See what I have brought you." Sean doesn't give a hoot in hell for the gold but his arm squeezes her shoulder, and that is all the thanks she asks of him.

DANAHER'S VOICE: (o.s.)

Three hundred fifty pounds -- gold -- and a cart full of furnishin's, linen and pewter ... goes with the sister of William Danaher.

216. INT. DANAHER HOUSE: FULL

Of the room. Hugh Forbes again raises his glass.

FORBES:

Then a toast! May their days be long and full of laughter! May their children be many and full of health! ... And may they live in freedom and in peace.

They drink it down.

217. INT. DANAHER HOUSE: MED.

Danaher, Widow and Feeney. Danaher barely touches the drink to his lips but digs Feeney in the ribs. At this pre-arranged cue, Feeney raises his hand to the room.

FEENEY:

Attention! Attention, please! Squire Danaher has the floor!

218.) INT. DANAHER HOUSE: FULL
219.)

FEATURING Danaher.

DANAHER:

This day I've given my sister in marriage ... my only sister.

(emotion wells in him)

Now she's gone from the house o' Danaher.

(cocking an eye at the widow)

And what's a house without a woman in it?

FEENEY: (his little Sir Echo)

Ah, a good question, squire. What is a house without a woman?

Danaher glares at him, then resumes.

DANAHER:

And where would any man of us be without a woman? ... Even Father Lonergan had a mother.

FEENEY: (a murmur)

True, true.

DANAHER:

So, without further eloquence, I give you a toast ... TO MYSELF ... who's soon to be wed!

There is a murmur at this -- and Mrs. Tillane stares.

DANAHER: (continuing; archly)

All she has to do is say the little word.

(direct to the widow)

When's the happy day, Sarah, my darlin'?

MRS. TILLANE: (furious)

Have you lost the little sense you were born with? ... Happy day, indeed! ...

DANAHER: (amazed)

But Sarah, darlin' ... ?

MRS. TILLANE:

And don't 'darling' me, you left-footed oaf! ... Who gave you the right to be making such an announcement?

DANAHER:

But they said ... they said ... all of them ...

He barges around the room, pointing from one to another, then continues:

DANAHER: (continuing)

The Reverend Mister Playfair ... the Missus Reverend ... Father Lonergan ... the little Flynn ...

(he pauses before Michaeleen; then beseechingly:)

Michaeleen, didn't you say all I had to do was...

MICHAELEEN: (backing away)

Now, now, Will ... I ...

And now the full realization of it dawns on Danaher. And he blows his top.

DANAHER:

Ye lied! All of ye! Ye were all in it against me! The Church of Ireland ... that's bad enough .. but me own priest ... and worst of all ...

(a sob)

... the IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY!

He has reduced them to sheepish shreds -- the Playfairs, the priest and even wincing Michaeleen. And now his rampage brings him to Sean and to Kate -- and it is Sean he finds himself hating the most.

DANAHER: (continuing)

Ye got her by fraud and falsity! ... Ye put 'em up to it ... don't deny it!

MARY KATE: (frightened - interposing)

Will, for the love of heaven ...!

He sweeps her out of his path with an arm -- and Sean has to catch her to keep her from falling -- and Danaher goes to the table on which the dowry money is heaped.

DANAHER: (during this)

But this ye won't get -- now or ever!

(he opens the pouch and with a sweep of his paw scoops the gold into it)

False ye got her -- and false ye have her ... but she is all ye'll get ... Now take her and get out!

(he stamps past them all to fling open the door)

All of ye -- get out!

Even Mrs. Tillane is concerned for him now, and sorry too. She moves to hold him but he is blind to her and to everything.

SEAN: (quietly to Mary)

Come on ...

But Mary Kate will not have it so. She breaks from him and throws herself on Danaher, hands scrabbling for the purse.

MARY KATE:

Give me my fortune! ... It's mine ... mine and my mother's before me!

DANAHER:

Never!

And he brushes her aside, so that she would have fallen but for Sean's arm. But this time Sean has had enough of it. He starts after Danaher.

SEAN:

You've done enough shoving around!

Danaher doesn't even turn but swings a flailing backhand, with the heavy purse dangling from it, and it catches Sean right across his unguarded temple. Mary Kate screams as Sean staggers back into a table. He brings it crashing to the floor with him -- with all its silver and crockery crashing.

The sound "segues" into the rapid-fire bong-bong-bong of a prize-ring bell signalling the end of a fight.

220. INT. DANAHER HOUSE: CLOSE

On Sean. Mary Kate is cradling his head in her lap. Sean is unconscious and his face is twisted into a mask of pain. The bong-bong-bonging continues, all but drowning out the other lines heard simultaneously.

DANAHER'S VOICE: (o.s.)

Out, out, out!

MARY KATE:

Sean ... speak to me! He's dead, dead!

Mister Playfair enters the shot to kneel beside her. He is holding a lamp, better to examine Sean. He holds the lamp so that it fills the screen.

DISSOLVE:

221. INT. FIGHT RING: CLOSE

Another lamp, glaring whitely through wisps of smoke. It is the bright lamp over a prize-ring. The bong-bong of the bell continues ... then stops. The CAMERA is SHOOTING up from floor level at the light. Human figures enter the fringe of this shot for a moment: SEAN, in fighter's trunks, steps in -- then is pushed back by a referee's arm. A WHITE-COATED DOCTOR moves in, then away. TWO BLUE-COATED POLICEMEN cross the fringe. Over it all we hear the roar of a fight crowd.

222. INT. FIGHT RING: ANOTHER ANGLE - FULL

Sean -- only here he is Trooper Thorn, with a shamrock on his fighting trunks -- is standing dazed near a group in the middle of the ring. A fighter is sprawled on the canvas, with the doctor completing his examination, and two policemen and a referee close by. LIGHT BULBS are flashing all around the arc of the ring as photographers snap the pictures.

(NOTE: Because of this, you probably need have no arena at all.)

223. INT. FIGHT RING: CLOSE

On the doctor looking up from his examination. He shakes his head. His mouth shapes the words: "He's dead."

224. INT. FIGHT RING: CLOSE

On Sean. Dazed, slowly he brings his gloved fists up, turning his hands as he does -- studying his weapons as though they had turned into monstrous, bloody things.

VOICES: (o.s.)

He's dead ... he's dead ... dead ...

DISSOLVE:

225. INT. DANAHER HOUSE: CLOSE

On Playfair's lamp as before. The reverend shifts the lamp away From the Camera to hold it closer to Sean's face cradled in Mary Kate's lap.

MARY KATE:

He's dead ...

PLAYFAIR:

Nonesense! ... He's coming round now ... Steady, Trooper, steady.

Sean stirs and tries to sit up -- and Playfair lends a hand.

226. INT. DANAHER HOUSE: FULL

Of the room as Playfair helps the still groggy Sean to his feet. Danaher's voice may be heard outside, bellowing at the others to go home, The people in the room are filing out -- their manner sympathetic and embarrassed -- whispering their farewells.

AD LIBS:

Don't take it hard now ... It was a lovely party while it lasted ... He'll get over it ...

Danaher bursts back into the room like an angry bear.

DANAHER: (from the doorway)

What! Are ye still here!

He crosses to Sean, his big fist brandished,then continues:

DANAHER: (continuing)

And any time ye want another taste of this -- let ye set foot in my house!

Sean's lips tighten but he accepts it ... and clearly to Mary Kate's disappointment.

Sean takes her arm.

SEAN:

Let's go home ...

MARY KATE: (one last appeal)

Without my fortune?

SEAN:

We'll talk about that ... another time ...

And slowly the bride and groom leave the room. The Playfairs follow, as Danaher stands glaring in his dark triumph, ... but Mister Playfair pauses for one last word.

PLAYFAIR:

Mister Danaher, I have only one thing to say to you ...

MRS. PLAYFAIR: (fearfully)

Now, Cyril, you mustn't use such language!

PLAYFAIR: (ignoring her)

I have studied you carefully over a long period.. You are musclebound, you are slow on your feet, you consistently lead with your right and -- as Mr. Thornton would say -- you are a sucker for a left hook! ... May the Lord have mercy on you!

And they take their leave, with Danaher, and other listeners, staring open-mouthed and not knowing what in hell the good man was talking about.

DISSOLVE:

227. INT. WHITE O'MORNING: (NIGHT)

The room has been garlanded with flowers for the newlyweds. The furniture is sparse but it shines. A good fire burns in the fireplace. But there is no joy of honeymoon in the room. Still cloaked, Mary Kate sits at a small stool staring into the fireplace. Sean stands beside her and to one side.

MARY KATE:

Ever since I was a little one, I've dreamed of having my own things about me.

(she stands and points around the room)

My spinnet there .., and a table here ... and my own chairs to rest on ... a dresser in that corner ... and my china clay and pewter shinin' 'round me ... And now ...

She turns away again.

SEAN: (placatingly)

I didn't know you felt that way about it ... But anyway, all this grief and fuss over some furniture and stuff ...

He moves to her and puts his hands on her shoulders. She pulls away and turns on him.

MARY KATE:

Don't touch me! You've no right!

SEAN:

What do you mean, no RIGHT?

MARY KATE: (flatly)

I'll wear your ring ... I'll cook and wash and keep the land, but that's all! ... Till I've my dowry safe about me, I'm no married woman ... I'm the servant I've always been, with nothin' of my own.

SEAN:

That's ridiculous! You're my wife -- and fortune or no fortune! ...

He takes her in his arms and tries to kiss her. Their lips may meet but there is no response from her. She is limp, cold. He releases her.

SEAN: (continuing; puzzled, and a little frightened)

What is this?

MARY KATE:

And haven't I been telling you? ... Till you've got my dowry, you haven't any bit of me ... Me. MYSELF! ... I'll still be dreaming among what's my own, the way I'd be if I'd never met you ... There's three hundred years of happy dreaming in those things of mine. And I want them. I'll have my dream. I'll have it and know it! I'll say no other word to you.

SEAN: (bitter, but beaten)

All right. Don't worry. You'll have your dowry.

MARY KATE:

Get it!

She turns and goes to the bedroom. Sean stands a moment and then, with reluctant decision, crosses to a closet or chest, opens it and hauls out a small trunk, or (if director prefers) his original battered leather bag. He opens it, rummages and comes up with a silk boxer's robe, a pair of boxer's trunks and finally two pair fighting mitts. He carries the lot back to the mantel -- not opening the robe or trunks, carrying them all folded. All we can see clearly are the gloves. He drops all but the gloves and tries on one. Then he takes the robe and opens

it, to show the shamrock design and the lettering, TROOPER THORN, on the back. He fingers the lettering tenderly, and then, with a sudden gesture of revulsion, throws it into the fire and the trunks after them. Then he strips off the glove. He has decided not to fight again. He goes to the bedroom door.

SEAN: (as he goes)

Mary Kate! MARY KATE, what difference does it make ...?

(his hand is on the doorknob but it doesn't give under his pressure)

MARY KATE? Open the door!

MARY KATE: (o.s.)

Go away.

SEAN: (quietly)

Open the door, please ... I want to talk to you.

228. INT. WHITE O' MORNING - BEDROOM: (NIGHT)

Mary Kate is staring apprehensively at the door. She has removed her cloak, unbound her hair, but is still fully dressed.

MARY KATE:

No ... no ...

229. INT. WHITE O' MORNING - MAIN ROOM: (NIGHT)

At door.

SEAN:

Will you open the door?

There is no reply. Sean steps back and raises a foot and drives it hard against the catch. The door splinters at the lock and goes in. Sean steps through.

230. INT. WHITE O' MORNING - BEDROOM: (NIGHT)

Mary Kate cowers. It is the first time she has seen Sean in a fighting mood. She falls back on the bed. He towers above her.

SEAN:

When I say something, I mean it! Keep it in mind! And remember! There's no lock or door between you and me except the one in your own heart!

He stomps out, leaving her staring after him.

231. INT. WHITE O' MORNING - MAIN ROOM: (NIGHT)

He comes back to the mantel and he picks up his gloves and tries them on. He has a look in his eye that does not bode well for Squire Danaher. FADE OUT

FADE IN

232. INT. WHITE O' MORNING: (EARLY NEXT MORNING) MED. CLOSE

Sean is in his sleeping bag, on the floor before the fireplace. The fire has long since gone to ashes. The boxing mitts are on the mantel. He rouses at the sound of knocking on the door -- followed a moment later by HUGH FORBES' call from outside.

FORBES: (o.s.)

Hello, the house... Anyone up?

SEAN: (calling)

Yeah...just a minute!

He hastily gets out of the sleeping bag -- fearful of being caught in that position.

233. EXT. WHITE O'MORNING: CLOSE

On the door. Hugh Forbes stands waiting with a rather pleased air about him. He speaks through the door.

FORBES: (with a wink at someone off)

I suppose it <u>is</u> a bit early to be calling...

234. INT. WHITE O'MORNING: FULL

Sean has folded the bag and is hiding it behind some piece of furniture as Mary Kate rather timidly emerges from her room. She is fully dressed but making some last minute adjustments in her clothing. Sean looks at her and she at him -- with no happiness about either of them. Then he goes to the door and opens it.

235. EXT. WHITE O'MORNING: MED.

At the door. Sean and Forbes. Forbes grins at him and waves his hand back.

FORBES:

A belated wedding present....

As Sean stares off:

236. EXT. WHITE O'MORNING: REVERSE ANGLE

The cartful of Mary Kate's "furniture and stuff" stands in the lane, with OWEN GLYNN, and MICHAELEEN about to begin the unloading.

FORBES: (o.s.)

After you left last night a few of us prevailed on Danaher to change his mind...

237. EXT. WHITE O'MORNING: ANGLE

On door. As Mary Kate steps out, stares and her face brightens.

MARY KATE:

Oh! My things!

She goes running out to watch the unloading. Sean isn't as pleased as Forbes had expected, and Hugh is too smart a man not to notice it.

SEAN:

That's ... mighty nice of you.

He starts toward the cart -- CAMERA PANNING TO A WIDER ANGLE -- as Forbes follows.

MICHAELEEN: (archly)

We'd have brought it over last night ... but under the circumstances we thought you'd be needing your sleep...

GLYNN: (with a wink)

By the look of him, he still does!

Sean tries to grin at these sallies, but it's a pretty lame excuse and Mary Kate isn't reacting with the typical bridal blushes either -- which Forbes again notes.

FORBES: (only half-kidding his helpers)

Less talk and more work there!

(quietly to Sean and Mary Kate)

He wouldn't change about the dowry, though ... not even Father Lonergan could make him.

SEAN:

Let him keep it!

MARY KATE: (aghast)

Keep my fortune?!

SEAN: (impatiently)

You've got your things about you now ... your chairs and tables ... What do we care about his money?

MARY KATE:

My money.

SEAN: (carelessly)

Well, let him have it, if it means that much to him...

(starting away)

I'll lend a hand.

As he goes over to assist the others, Mary Kate puts her fists on her hips and stares after him with an expression in which bafflement and anger are equally mixed.

MARY KATE: (half to herself)

What manner of man is it I've married?

FORBES: (quietly)

A better one, I think, than you know, Mary Kate.

DISSOLVE TO:

238. INT. WHITE O' MORNING: (DAY)

It is perhaps an hour or two later and, if the larks are not singing, at least Mary Kate is. She sits at her spinnet, with all her things in order about her, and she sings A SOFT MAY MOON in full voice. With her song ended, she jumps up -- looks appreciatively about her and then flings open the casement windows to look out.

239. EXT. WHITE O' MORNING:

Sean is whistling the same tune she has been singing as he cultivates his precious rose bushes. Mary Kate studies him behind his back a moment. Then he turns and brightens at the sight of her.

MARY KATE:

Roses! And not a blade of corn on the place... nor a turnip or a cabbage. A fine farmer you are! ... Roses!

She withdraws into the room, crosses and a moment later comes out the door as Sean is looking, a little crest-fallen, at his scorned rose bushes.

MARY KATE:

O, they'll make a fine display, no doubt!

SEAN: (proudly)

Buds on 'em already.

MARY KATE:

They're not very digestible.

(she surveys her domain)

Let's see now: we'll need a plough and a cultivator...the seed for the winter corn... O, about the horse for the ploughing -- we could sell that black jumper of yours.

SEAN: (firmly)

I'll buy <u>another</u> horse for the ploughing... Or why not a <u>tractor</u>?

MARY KATE:

Nasty, smelly things! AND the price that's on them! Besides -- with a horse you get other advantages.

SEAN:

Yeah...for the roses.

MARY KATE:

Roses again! ... We'll have to do the buying in Castletown ... If we put a good foot on us we can be there and back by suppertime.

SEAN: (doleful)

Um...five miles each way....

MARY KATE: (surprised)

Why that's just a ...

SEAN:

A good stretch o' the legs... Yeah, I know...

(mock grouch)

Well, get your walking shoes on ...

Mary Kate heads for the house.

MARY KATE:

I'll be a minute...

Sean looks after her, then grins and with a look of anticipation hurries away to the barn.

240. INT. WHITE O' MORNING:

Mary Kate comes out of her bedroom, dressed for the shopping in Castletown. She is humming again and she pats a table as though it were an animate thing as she passes through the room to the front door. She hears the honk of an auto horn (o.s.) and opens the door puzzled.

241. EXT. WHITE O'MORNING: REVERSE ANGLE

Sean sits proud as hell on a glistening trap to which his black horse has been hitched. He has a little auto horn on it and he honks it again.

SEAN: (laughing)

So you're not a woman to be honked at, huh?... Come on!

242. EXT. WHITE O'MORNING: ANOTHER ANGLE

Mary Kate comes on the run, eyes wide at the marvel, and all exclamations. Sean jumps down.

MARY KATE:

Oh...it's lovely...did you ever see such...It looks like it could FLY....

Sean hands her up.

SEAN:

Only one horsepower...but it's all yours.

MARY KATE:

Mine?

SEAN:

Sure. Think you can drive it?

MARY KATE:

Hang on to your hat.

And Sean gives her a look as she flicks the whip and away they go at a reaching stride.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

(NOTE: I think this could be a helluva gay little chunk of picture if you have time for it and prolong this one little stretch of "honeymoon mood". It could have the same music over it -- but in livelier tempo -- that Mary Kate has been singing this morning.)

243. EXT. LANE: FULL

The trap swinging out of the lane and into the road leading from White o' Morning.

243A. EXT. LANE: MED. CLOSE

The trap. Sean literally hanging on to his hat as they take the turn. He is also hanging onto the side of the trap -- and looking at his laughing wife with mingled respect and apprehension.

244. EXT. ROAD: FULL

A farmer, coming along at a sedate clip on his cart, has to whip up and over to the side -- as Mary Kate wheels her trap past him.

245. EXT. MAIN STREET INISFREE: FULL

With barely a slackening of the pace, the trap comes bowling thru the streets -- for, womanlike, Mary Kate is going to show off. Heads turn, little boys cheer -- and SERGEANT HANAN, trundling along on his bicycle, suddenly hears the hooves right behind him, wobbles and madly pedals right up onto the curb to get out of the way.

245A.EXT. MAIN STREET INISFREE: CLOSE (MOVING)

On Sean and Mary Kate. Sean is looking apprehensively over his shoulder.

SEAN:

Hey, take it easy!

MARY KATE: (with complete unconcern)

Oh, that was only the police sergeant.. Tip your hat.

SEAN: (dubious)

Will that square it?

MARY KATE: (imperative)

Your HAT!

So Sean looks back and pointedly doffs his cap to the distant Inspector.

MARY KATE: (annoyed)

Not to HIM!

(belated explanation as Sean stares)

We were passing the Church.

246. EXT. ROAD: FULL

Leaving Inisfree, the trap heads across the open country still at a fine pace, with a cloud of dust trailing behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

247. EXT. CASTLETOWN STREET: (DAY)

The trap comes down the main street at a quieter pace. Suddenly Mary Kate reins in at sight of Red Will emerging from a bank, accompanied by Feeney -- and trailed by two other men; cattle buyers or whatever.

248. EXT. CASTLETOWN STREET: CLOSE

Sean and Mary Kate in trap.

MARY KATE:

Look!

Sean looks off in the indicated direction.

249. EXT. CASTLETOWN STREET: ANGLE

On bank. Red Will is shoving a fat sheaf of bank notes into his wallet. Then he hands the wallet over to Feeney.

He seems in a hearty good-humor, a man who has just completed a successful transaction and, this being a warm day, has in all probability a few drinks under his belt.

DANAHER: (handing over the wallet)

Take care o' this, Feeney!

(to other men)

Let's have another pint...and this one I'll buy... And what do you say to that?

He starts across the street.

FEENEY: (under his breath)

High time.

Danaher wheels on him, not sure he has heard right.

DANAHER:

What's that?

FEENEY:

I said 'that's fine', squire.

250. EXT. CASTLETOWN STREET: ANGLE

On Mary Kate and Sean.

MARY KATE: (eagerly)

He's sold the crossbreds!

SEAN:

The what?

MARY KATE:

The sheep he's been planning on...

She nudges Sean to get down.

MARY KATE: (continuing)

Hurry! Now's a good time to ask him! Go on!

Sean, obedient to her prodding but puzzled, steps down from the trap.

SEAN:

Ask him what?

MARY KATE: (annoyed at his density)

For my fortune! ... He can't say he hasn't the money with him.

SEAN: (patiently)

Can't you get it into your head that I didn't marry you for your fortune? ... I don't give a... a hang for the money!

MARY KATE: (sharply)

But he does -- and that's the whole point of it! Now will you go and ask him!

SEAN:

No! Why should we shame ourselves?

MARY KATE: (temper rising)

Shame?... The shame's on you, not on me... No, on me, too...if I've married a coward!

SEAN: (flaring)

Is that what you think of me?

MARY KATE:

What else to let him cheat you of my money?

SEAN: (blazing)

Money! I'm sick of this talk of money! ... Is money all you Danahers think about?

She gives him no answer but with an exclamation brings down the whip across the horse's back -- and the carriage goes off like a shot, almost knocking Sean down as he is caught off balance with his hand on it.

251. EXT. THE STREET: FULL

The trap goes off with Sean, recovering his balance, starting after it on the run. Men and women stare at him. Danaher and Feeney and the group pause at the steps of the pub -- and Danaher's laugh mocks him as Sean runs after her.

SEAN: (calling)

Mary Kate!... Come back here!

He goes running up the street after her, with Danaher and the others laughing at him.

252. EXT. HEAD OF STREET: ANOTHER ANGLE

Sean runs up and comes to a stop, staring off. His face sets into grim and angry lines.

253. EXT. HEAD OF STREET: LONG

From behind him. The road stretches out for miles and miles and Mary Kate, in his brand new trap, is speeding along with never a backward look. He sets off in the dust after her.

DISSOLVE:

254.)
255.) OMITTED.
256.)

257. EXT. ST. ANSELM'S CHURCH: (TWILIGHT) - ESTABLISHING

It is the hour when the priest is hearing confessions. A shawled woman leaves the church; another enters. Mary Kate's trap is hitched out front.

258. INT. ST. ANSELM'S CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL:

(NOTE: This will be a studio set; merely the three doors of the tri-part confessional, a suggestion of pews in the immediate foreground. No windows, altars or anything else are needed.)

259. INT. ST. ANSELM'S CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL: CLOSE

The ANGLE is PAST Father Lonergan as he slides back the dark screen to reveal the grilled partition between himself and the postulant, Mary Kate. She kneels with bowed head, but raises a troubled face to her shadowy confessor as the screen slides.

MARY KATE:

Father, I...I have come about my marriage... My husband...

(then in a rush)

Could I tell you in the Gaelic?

At the priest's murmured assent, she spills a torrent of words...only two of which will be in English; "sleeping bag."

MARY KATE: (continuing; in Gaelic)

My husband has not shared my bed. I made him sleep last night in a sleeping bag. It was because of my dowry which he won't fight for... Is it a sin?

FATHER LONERGAN: (mad as hell)

What I have to say to you can be said in plain English...Ireland may be a poor country...but married men here sleep in beds not in bags. Three Our FATHERS, three Hail Marys.

And he slams shut the grill, slams open the one on the other side. It reveals the puckish face of Michaeleen, pressing conspiratorially close to the grill.

MICHAELEEN:

Ah, father... Our old friend, Mad Hatter, is running in the fourth tomorrow at Punchestown... I was wonderin'...

Slam goes the grill on Michaeleen's face as Lonergan stands.

260. INT. ST. ANSELM'S CHURCH - THE CONFESSIONALS: FULL

The three doors simultaneously open. Out of one comes Mary Kate -- sheepish as hell -- to scurry forward to do her penances. Out of the other comes Michaeleen, to skedaddle out of the church. Out of the third comes Father Lonergan, stick in hand and in a good mind to use it. He glares balefully at them both -- torn between which one to clout. Then he stomps back into his confessional.

261. EXT. OPEN ROAD: (TWILIGHT) MED.

Sean sits on a low stile -- knocking a pebble out of a shoe he holds in his hand. Then he slips it back on and sets off again on his little five-mile stroll.

DISSOLVE:

262. INT. WHITE O' MORNING: (EVENING) ANGLE

On door. Sean opens the door and steps in. He has had time to cool off. He is still mad, but just a bit apprehensive too -- not knowing what kind of a row awaits him.

SEAN:

Mary Kate?

263. INT. BEDROOM: (EVENING)

Mary Kate sits on the edge of the bed, knees close together, expression a little frightened.

264. INT. MAIN ROOM: (EVENING) AS BEFORE

Sean's scowl relaxes as he sees the table. A plate of food has been set for him, with a candle burning before it. He cocks a quizzical eye at the closed bedroom door -- his manner reflecting his notion that "things seem to be picking up". He crosses to the door, puts a hand on the knob.

265. INT. BEDROOM: (EVENING)

Mary Kate hardly breathes as she sees the doorknob turn.

SEAN: (o.s.- softly)

Mary Kate?

But she still doesn't speak -- and the audience will have to guess whether she is hoping the door will open -- or dreading it.

266. INT. MAIN ROOM: (EVENING)

Sean looks from the door toward the fireplace -- and his scowl returns with full intensity.

267. INT. MAIN ROOM: (EVENING) REVERSE ANGLE

What he sees - the damned sleeping bag stretched out for him in front of the fire.

268. INT. MAIN ROOM: (EVENING) FULL

Sean glares at the bag. He glares at the closed bedroom door. He glares at the plate of food. And he turns on his heel and slams out of the house. (NOTE: The gauge is rising, but it still hasn't reached the explosion point).

269. INT. THE PUB OF THE HOTEL: (NIGHT)

Michaeleen, Hugh Forbes, Owen Glynn, Dan Tobin are along the bar nearer to the door... Farther down the bar stand Danaher and Feeney. The door opens and Sean steps in. The men turn to stare at him, but his eye sweeps the bar until he spots Danaher.

MICHAELEEN: (heartily)

You're just in time to buy me a drink...

FORBES:

Join us, Sean...

But Sean ignores them all and makes for Danaher.

270. INT. THE PUB OF THE HOTEL:-(NIGHT) MED.

Danaher pointedly turns his back on Sean as he approaches. Sean comes to a stop behind him.

SEAN: (quietly)

I'd like a word with you -- in private.

DANAHER: (not looking at him)

If you've anything to say, say it here.

SEAN:

I'd rather talk in private.

DANAHER: (goading him)

What's the matter? You're among friends....

(glance at Forbes)

They fought for you once before. Maybe they'll do it again.

SEAN:

I'm not asking anyone to do my fighting.

DANAHER: (eyes narrowing)

Does that mean you're willing to do your own?

268. INT. MAIN ROOM: (EVENING) FULL

Sean glares at the bag. He glares at the closed bedroom door. He glares at the plate of food. And he turns on his heel and slams out of the house. (NOTE: The gauge is rising, but it still hasn't reached the explosion point).

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DANAHER: (eyes narrowing)

Does that mean you're willing to do your own?

SEAN:

You know what I'm here for.

DANAHER:

I do...but I'd like to hear you ask for it... Just ask, Yank, and you'll be chewin' your own teeth for a week... Well?

Forbes comes down the bar.

FORBES:

You've got twenty pounds on him, Danaher.

DANAHER:

So I have.... then how would it be if I put one fist in my pocket...Left or right?...

(to Sean)

You name it...

(to Forbes)

Is that fair enough for you?

Forbes looks at Sean, expectantly.

But Sean merely shakes his head -- and walks out. His friends cannot credit their eyes. Danaher's laugh follows him out.

DANAHER:

The fighting Thorntons!

271. INT. MISTER PLAYFAIR'S STUDY: (NIGHT)

It is a room which is half-study for a theologian, half-den for a sporting man. Books line some of the walls, but over the mantel is a sculling oar with a coxswain's megaphone hanging from its middle. Crossed cricket bats are over a 20-year-old photograph of C. Playfair in knee-length fighting trunks (or maybe tights) and posed in a grim, old-fashioned fighting stance.

Among the prominent articles for furniture; a tall, pulpit-like reading stand on which rests a large leather volume which could be an eccleciastical work, but which actually is Playfair's scrap-book of sporting events.

Also a green-felt covered table, with two chairs drawn up to it, a small glass cup in its center.

272. INT. MISTER PLAYFAIR'S STUDY: (NIGHT) CLOSE

OVER the table on Playfair. Mister Playfair is concentrating on the glass cup with all the intentness of a swami studying a crystal ball. But what he is actually doing is completing an interrupted game of tiddle-dee-winks. Tiddling like an expert, Mr. Playfair sinks his last wink into the glass cup -- and looks up:

273.) INT. THE ROOM: FULL
274.)

As Mrs. Playfair shows in their visitor, Sean Thornton, fresh from the scene with Danaher at the pub.

MRS. PLAYFAIR: (entering)

It was Mister Thornton, Cyril, so I brought him up...

Playfair gets to his feet.

PLAYFAIR:

Bless my soul!... Come in, sit down!

Mrs. Playfair studies the table.

MRS. PLAYFAIR:

Oh, did you tiddle your last wink, Cyril?

PLAYFAIR:

I did.

MRS. PLAYFAIR:

No cheating?

PLAYFAIR: (with dignity)

I did not... Do you play tiddle-dee-winks, Thornton?

SEAN: (uncomfortably)

No, I... Maybe I shouldn't have dropped in this way, but...

MRS. PLAYFAIR:

Nonsense! How is your lovely bride?

SEAN: (awkwardly)

Fine.

Mrs. Playfair is about to settle herself for a good chat, but her husband senses something is wrong. He rousts her out.

PLAYFAIR:

Say 'goodnight' to Mister Thornton, Elizabeth.

MRS. PLAYFAIR: (blankly)

But he's just got here!...

(getting it)

Oh!... Oh, very well. Good night, Mister Thornton.

SEAN: (grateful)

Good night.

MRS. PLAYFAIR:

Good night, Cyril.

She approaches her husband for the ceremony of their good-night kiss and the poor man is a picture of embarrassment at this public display of their love life. But, like a well-trained child, he lowers his head; she places a hand on each temple and she kisses him primly right in the center of the forehead.

PLAYFAIR:

Good night, Elizabeth...

She waits for the rest of the ritual.

PLAYFAIR: (continuing)

Pleasant dreams.

Completely satisfied now, she smiles brightly at Sean and goes out the door -- trailed by her husband. She pops right in.

MRS. PLAYFAIR: (to Sean)

I do hope nothing is...

PLAYFAIR: (firmly)

Good night, Elizabeth.

He shuts the door on her and turns back to Sean, motioning him to a seat. Sean is in no mood for a chair.

SEAN:

You're the only one I can level with...and I gotta talk to someone or blow my top.

Playfair cautions him with an upraised finger, then quickly reopens the door -- catching Mrs. Playfair with her ears open. She opens her mouth to explain.

PLAYFAIR: (beating her to it)

No, we will not want any tea.

MRS. PLAYFAIR:

In that case...

PLAYFAIR: (the thunderer)

GO TO BED, WOMAN!

And she scuttles. This time Playfair locks the door.

PLAYFAIR:

Danaher, of course?

SEAN: (nodding)

Since you know who I am -- or WAS -- you know why I don't want to fight him.

PLAYFAIR:

Yes... I was reading about it again this evening.

Sean looks his surprise as Playfair crosses to the reading stand and opens the big volume. His surprise increases at the sight of pasted clippings in the scrapbook, as Playfair turns the pages.

PLAYFAIR: (apologetically)

Some men collect butterfles, some stamps... My hobby -- sporting events... Yes, here it is...

(reading)

"Trooper Thorn Quits Ring...heavyweight challenger hangs up gloves after fatal knockout... vows he will never fight again."

(closes book)

It's a very understandable reaction. Still the papers all said it an accident, just 'one of

SEAN: (bitterly)

Oh sure... Maybe it's just 'one of those things' in a scrapbook...but it's different when you carry it around in here.

(and he touches his chest)

Tony Gardello was a good egg... And I killed him. And for what?... A purse and a share o' the gate. Money!

PLAYFAIR: (shrewdly)

And now money is behind your trouble with Danaher?

SEAN:

They think I'm yellow -- all the friends I've made here, even my wife! ... They think I'm afraid to fight him.

PLAYFAIR:

Well...aren't you...in a sense?

SEAN:

You mean afraid I may kill him....

(he nods)

I know. I'm not saying it's likely.

(quickly)

But it COULD happen...and to risk it on account of this big FORTUNE she keeps harping on.... it isn't that important.

PLAYFAIR:

Perhaps it is -- to her. Oh, I know it may seem strange to you -- from America -- but it is an old, old custom here -- and a good custom in this country... Her fortune means more than just the money.

SEAN:

Not to me. It's not worth fighting for.

PLAYFAIR:

Is your wife's love worth fighting for?

SEAN: (in misery)

I don't know, I don't know... All I know is that I can't fight, won't fight, unless I'm mad enough to kill... If that means losing her, I don't know... Maybe I don't love her enough. Maybe she doesn't love me.

PLAYFAIR: (soberly)

It's not an easy problem...but I think you'll come to the right answer in God's good time...

(more cheerful)

And when the time comes, I hope I'll still be here to see it.

SEAN: (surprised)

Are you leaving Inisfree?

PLAYFAIR: (trying to hide his concern)

Oh it...it's a possibility... My bishop arrives tomorrow on one of those inspection tours, you know... and it's such a small congregation here...three or four at the services. He may transfer me.

SEAN: (sympathetic)

Place wouldn't be the same without you...

PLAYFAIR: (forced cheer)

It may work out. Bishop's a ...a good egg. But it's not important...

(change of tune)

Don't underestimate Danaher by the way. He is clumsy but he has a tremendous right and a jaw of granite.

Sean is looking at him with a puzzled half-smile. Playfair notes it and colors a little.

PLAYFAIR: (continuing)

Well, you see, I used to do a bit of boxing myself... You won't laugh now, will you?

Sean shakes his head and Playfair leads him to the photograph.

275. INT. THE ROOM: CLOSE

The photograph.

PLAYFAIR: (o.s.)

That was at Trinity.

SEAN: (o.s. - reading inscription)

Lightweight champion... nineteen hundred and...

276. INT. THE ROOM: FULL

The two.

PLAYFAIR:

The date's not important. It was long, long ago...

He leads away from the picture and to a small cupboard, which he opens.

PLAYFAIR: (continuing)

Would you join me in some port, Thornton... I keep a small bottle here...

(then he checks himself and puts the bottle back)

But no... No, you'll be in training now, won't you?

And on his expression of quiet assurance:

DISSOLVE:

277. EXT. WHITE O' MORNING: (NIGHT)

Sean comes slowly up the path to the cottage. Its windows are lighted and Mary Kate is playing her spinet softly. The tune must reflect her mood of melancholy and troubled love. He continues slowly to the door.

278. INT. WHITE O' MORNING: (NIGHT)

Mary Kate sits at her spinet, softly singing the plaintive little melody. She ends it and stares off into her thoughts. The door opens and Sean comes in. He looks at her and she at him. Then he goes to a rack or stand to hang up his cap.

MARY KATE: (standing)

Did you have any supper?

SEAN:

No.

She heads purposefully for the kitchen -- or a cupboard -- as though to get him some food.

SEAN: (continuing)

And I'm not hungry.

MARY KATE: (not rebuking -- merely quietly stating something)

The drink does that to some men.

SEAN: (flaring)

And I haven't been drinking!

He crosses to one side of the fireplace.

SEAN: (continuing) - more quietly)

If you must know, I've been having a talk with the Vicar -- Mister Playfair.

She moves to the opposite end of the fireplace. Her eyes are strangely bright.

MARY KATE:

That's strange... I went to Father Lonergan.

Sean stares at her. She stands with downcast eyes. And Sean looks -- and suddenly realizes there is no sleeping bag on the hearth between them. He looks up and in that moment her eyes meet his...and without a word, the two slowly move toward each other.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

279. INT. BEDROOM - WHITE O'MORNING: (DAY) CLOSE

On Sean. He is stirring out of sleep in the colossus of a bed that we have seen before. And his first thoughts as he opens his eyes are pleasant ones. He turns on his pillow and his big arm strotches over to embrace his wife. His expression alters to one of surprise. CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL the rumpled pillow beside him and the space left vacant by Mary Kate.

Sean sits up, listening for sounds of her moving in the other room; but it is strangely quiet.

SEAN: (calling)

Mary Kate?

He looks at the watch on the table beside him, holds it to his ear to make sure it hasn't stopped. The hour is pretty early for her to be up.

SEAN: (continuing, a little louder)

Mary Kate, are you all right?

No answer. With a little more concern now, he swings out of bed in his pajamas, steps into his slippers and crosses the room -- picking up his robe as he goes.

280. INT. MAIN ROOM - WHITE O' MORNING: ANGLE

On door, as Sean emerges from the bedroom, shrugging into his robe.

SEAN:

Mary Kate?

MICHAELEEN: (o.s., gently)

Save yer breath, boy, save yer breath.

281. INT. MAIN ROOM - WHITE O' MORNING: ANOTHER ANGLE

Michaeleen lifts himself out of a chair to confront the startled Sean.

MICHAELEEN:

She's gone from you -- and small wonder.

SEAN: (angrily)

What are you talking about? Where is she?

MICHAELEEN:

She came tapping at my door with the sun not up... 'Will you drive me to the trains?' she says.

SEAN:

But why ... WHY?

MICHAELEEN:

M'very question... 'Why?' says I. 'Because I love him' says she... 'love him too much to go on living with a man I'm ashamed of.'

SEAN:

So you drove her....!

(he clenches his fist)

I ought to... How long ago?

MICHAELEEN:

In time for the Dublin train...

(significantly)

IF it's on time.

Sean turns and sprints for the bedroom -- shucking his robe as he goes. Michaeleen follows and lounges at the door as Sean pulls on jeans and shirt.

MICHAELEEN:

If you take my advice, you'll let her go her own way -- and go your own -- somewhere else.

SEAN: (o.s.)

Keep your advice...but you can help saddle my horse for me.

MICHAELEEN:

I'll have no part in helping you put more shame upon her.

Sean emerges, tightening his belt.

SEAN: (grimly)

They'll be no more shame on anyone!

He pauses at the mantel to pluck the boxing mitts from it -- and he throws them at Michaeleen.

SEAN:

Tell Danaher to try these on for size!

He goes out the door with Michaeleen smiling after him.

MICHAELEEN: (calling)

We saddled your horse ten minutes ago.

282. EXT. WHITE O' MORNING:

As Sean emerges from the house, he looks off - stares -- and then hurries down the path, with Michaeleen following him out the door.

283. EXT. WHITE O' MORNING: REVERSE ANGLE

Hugh Forbes and Owen Glynn sit their own horses, holding Sean's saddled black jumper between them. Sean takes its reins and mounts.

SEAN:

Thanks!

And away he goes.

284. EXT. APPROACHES TO WHITE O' MORNING: LONG

Sean rides up to and past the Camera on a full gallop, with the cottage behind him and three men staring after him.

285. EXT. WHITE O' MORNING: MED.

Forbes, Glynn and Michaeleen.

GLYNN: (soberly)

A bad day for the poor man.

FORBES: (slight smile)

It might be... but I wouldn't want the badness that's in it for another.

And the two ride away.

286. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE: FULL

Sean riding hell for leather for Castletown.

287. EXT. CASTLETOWN STATION: FULL ESTABLISHING SHOT

The Dublin train waits at the station, with people boarding or saying their farewells.

288. INT. RAILWAY COMPARTMENT: CLOSE

On Mary Kate THROUGH THE WINDOW. She sits stiffly, full of doubts and apprehensions, torn between the wish that the train would get moving and the pull at her heart to forget it all and go back home. She fumbles in her shawled bundle for a small silver watch, reads the time with pursed lips, peers out the window -- and then pulls back surreptitiously.

289. INT. RAILWAY COMPARTMENT: ANGLE

PAST her profile TO THE STATION. Mister Playfair, facing us, is shaking the hand of a portly, gaitered clerical-looking gent: his Bishop. The two men are exchanging their "hellos" but we cannot -- any more than Mary Kate -- hear a word of it. The Bishop turns as a porter comes along with his bag and he beckons the man to follow. (The Bishop, now that we see him, is an agreeable-looking chap, obviously fond of his port and his roasts.)

The two men start away, then pause to look at the train -- for it finally seems about to start. It does -- with a small jerk.

Mary Kate is jolted back.. Her hand goes to her mouth. The train stops again. The Bishop and Playfair continue away.

290. INT. RAILWAY COMPARTMENT: CLOSE

On Mary Kate. Really terrified now, she reaches for her little shawl-bundle of clothing. She is going to get off! No, dammit, she isn't. She firms her mouth and sits back, hands primly clutched, resolution in her face. The train whistle blows and again and again. Chug! The train jerks forward two inches. Chug! Six inches. Then chug-chug-chug for a yard or two.

Mary Kate wildly turns and stares out the window, hardly believing what she sees.

291. EXT. THE STATION: FULL

Sean has come at a full gallop from the locomotive end of the train, yelling at the engineer.

SEAN: (words probably indistinguishable)

Hold it! Hold it!

The train jerks to a stop as he dismounts, comes running up along the platform -- peering from compartment to compartment. People on the platform stare at him, Playfair and his Bishop among them... as they stand by a Model-T Ford which Playfair may have rented or borrowed for the occasion.

Sean reaches Mary Kate's compartment -- stops, stares, then opens the door.

292. INT. RAILWAY COMPARTMENT: ANGLE

She cowers away from him, her eyes as round as saucers.

MARY KATE:

NO!

He grabs her, pulls her out...and although she seems to resist, she remembers to grab up her shawl-bundle. He pulls her out of the station, before the eyes of them all.

293. EXT. PLATFORM - HEADING BACK TOWARD FRONT OF LOCOMATIVE: FULL

Sean hauling at the stumbling, embarrassed Mary Kate.

MARY KATE:

Let me go!

Sean says not a word, but drags her along. When they reach the horse, Sean smacks it on the rump. He is going to make her walk home this time.

294. EXT. PLATFORM - LOCOMOTIVE CAB: CLOSE

The driver, HUGH BAILEY, turns to his ENGINEMAN.

BAILEY:

If this means what I hope it means...

He slams shut the exhaust throttle and starts peeling his gloves.

ENGINEMAN: (not too concerned)

But the train's late now....

BAILEY:

Ah, today-tomorrow, it's all the one... Danaher vice-versus the Yank! ... They'll be wigs on the green this day! Come on!

And he swings out of the cab.

295. EXT. ALONG THE TRAIN: FULL

Other compartments are opening. And men are getting out and hot-footing it along the platform after the Thorntons.

296. EXT. PLATFORM: MED.

On Playfair and the Bishop. The Bishop is staring. Playfair is, too, with all the bright interest of a sports lover.

BISHOP:

What on earth, Snuffy?...Is it a rail strike?

PLAYFAIR: (itching to be off)

No, no, nothing like that...

A man comes up before them -- and he pauses to call back at some off-scene friend.

FIRST MAN:

Hurry, will ye...I want to be there when the hostilities commence!

The other man joins him.

SECOND MAN:

D'ye think we ought to rent a car?

FIRST MAN:

Ah, a horse would only slow us down!

The two go off together. The Bishop stares back at Playfair.

BISHOP:

Did he say HOSTILITIES...?

(dawning horror)

Merciful heavens, Snuffy . . . you people are not at war with us again, are you?

Michaeleen hurries away.

PAT COHAN:

Ah, what a day for Inisfree...On a day like this, I can say only one thing...

(proudly to the room)

Gentlemen! The drinks are on the house!

And amid the hubbub:

301. EXT. BROOK: FULL

On Sean and Mary Kate. This is the same brook we have seen before -- the one she waded through on the day of their courting. They come to it and she hesitates -- thinking to take off her shoes...but without a pause Sean wades in and drags her in after him... and up they go on the other side, she with her bedraggled skirts and he with his set face.

302. EXT. AT BROOK: CLOSE

On Mary Kate. She is almost ready to wail now with discomfort and humiliation -- not to mention her anger.

MARY KATE: (thru her teeth)

Oh, it's a great bully you are!

303. EXT. A HILL: FULL

On Michaeleen, standing like a lookout, he suddenly peers.

304. EXT. A HILL: LONG

From Michaeleen's ANGLE. Sean and Mary Kate reach a divide in the road -- or a point where the road leads off one way, presumably to White o' Mornin', and a borreen goes off another, presumably to Danaher's... And it may be in the distance behind them, some of the crowd coming from Castletown.

305. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - AT DIVIDE: FULL

On Sean and Mary Kate, as they reach this divide. She automatically follows the path, only to be brought up by a jerk from him -- and then pulled into the borreen.

MARY KATE:

But...but aren't you taking me...home?

Sean does not answer. And now seeing the direction they are going, Mary Kate's manner changes. She smiles to herself and she steps along with a right good will.

306. EXT. A HILL: CLOSE

On Michaeleen. Grinning like a satyr, he pulls the gun from his pocket -- and starts firing the whole damned artillery.

307. INT. PAT COHAN'S BAR: FULL

The sound of the first shot comes over from the distance. Forbes claims the room's attention.

FORBES:

Listen!

The shots come, one by one. The room listens. At the fourth, down go the pots, Pat Cohan whips off his apron or whatever -- and there is a pell-mell rush for the doors.

308. EXT. OPEN COUNTRY: FULL

The line of people trudging across the fields from Castletown freeze at the last reverberation and then, as though it had been a signal for a land rush, they make off again with renewed speed across the fields.

309. EXT. MAIN STREET INISFREE - NEAR PUB:

Half of the town is moving away up the main street and, as the last few customers bolt from the pub, Pat Cohan himself comes out, a sign in his hand. He hurriedly fastens it on the door.

310. EXT. THE PUB - AT THE SIGN: CLOSE

On sign, which reads: GONE TO TEA.

And then Pat trots up the street after the others.

311. EXT. HILLSLOPE LEADING TO DANAHER PLACE:

This is the last lap. And Sean is hauling Mary Kate up the slope, with a fan of people behind them -- coming from all quarters.

312. EXT. DANAHER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: WIDE ANGLE

(NOTE: Depending on physical circumstances, this may be a scene of a hay harvest or a sheep shearing. In either event, Danaher's hired hands are back-standing him. But more important, prop-wise, there should be some machine or gadget with a fire-box on it: a harvester or a blacksmith's forge. But in either case with a closed fire-box.)

Danaher stands truculently, spread-legged, fists on his hips -- a giant guarding his domain. His workmen are behind him, Feeney included, all facing the same way -- the direction in which Sean and Mary Kate are approaching, with the crowd fanned out behind them.

313. EXT. DANAHER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: REVERSE ANGLE

From Danaher's VIEW -- or FROM BEHIND him. As Sean pulls Mary Kate along and comes to a stop in front of Red Will.

SEAN:

Danaher... You owe me three hundred and fifty pounds. Let's have it.

Hugh Forbes, Owen Glynn and Michaeleen have come up to stand behind but not too close to Sean. Danaher's eye flicks across their faces.

DANAHER: (challenging)

Is the I.R.A. in this, too?

Forbes advances a pace. His eyes are bleak and his voice, while quiet, has the ring of doom in it.

FORBES:

If it were, Red Will Danaher, not a scorched stone of your fine house would be standing!

That satisfies Danaher and with a gleam in his eyes he faces back to Sean.

DANAHER:

I'll pay ye... NEVER!

There is a murmur from the crowd, an expectant sound and every eye is on Sean.

SEAN:

Then that breaks all bargains!

He spins Mary Kate by the hand so that she goes reeling against her brother.

SEAN: (continuing)

You can take your sister back!

Danaher stares from him to Mary Kate and back again. She, for her part, is equally thunderstruck. Is this what he has brought her here for? The crowd, at first stunned into silence, now murmurs its amaze.

DANAHER: (incredulous)

What d'ye mean? What's all this?

314. EXT. DANAHER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: ANOTHER ANGLE

Sean turns partly around, so as to speak to the thunderstruck Forbes and Michaeleen, as well as to Danaher.

SEAN: (loud enough for all to hear)

It's your custom -- not mine! No fortune, no marriage... We call it quits!

Mary Kate breaks away from her brother and faces Sean before them all.

MARY KATE: (staring at him)

You'd do this to me -- your wife -- after... after...

She cannot bring herself to say "last night" but he knows what she means.

SEAN: (brutally)

It's done!

315. EXT. DANAHER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: CLOSE

On Mary Kate. She steps back from him, a broken woman -- discarded, unwanted, shamed before them all. Hugh Forbes goes to her and puts a steadying hand on her shoulder. Forbes alone knows what Sean is doing. His eyes are admiring.

316. EXT. DANAHER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: CLOSE

On Danaher. He is a baited bull and he doesn't know which way to charge. Sean has him by the short hair. He looks to the left.

317. EXT. DANAHER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: CLOSE

Faces in the crowd. Men stare at him. Is Danaher going to accept this shame and take back his sister?

318. EXT. DANAHER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: CLOSE

On Danaher. He looks in another direction.

319. EXT. DANAHER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: CLOSE

Faces. Another knot of men, staring at him: Is he going to pay the dowry?

320. EXT. DANAHER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: FULL

FAVORING Danaher. There is no way out. His jaw clamps into a tight line. He makes a gesture toward Feeney.

DANAHER:

Feeney? M'purse!

Feeney comes forward nervously, extending Danaher's wallet. Danaher takes it and starts peeling off bills. He shoves the bundle toward Sean.

DANAHER: (continuing)

Here's y'r dirty money! ... Take it, count it, y'spawn... And look!

He holds up his great fist.

DANAHER: (continuing)

If ever I see your face again, I'll drive that through it!

Sean is not impressed. He looks past Danaher to the harvester -- or whatever -- and he brushes past the big man's fist as though it does not exist as he starts for the machine.

321. EXT. DANAHER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: CLOSE

On Mary Kate. She sees what he is up to, and her face is transfigured. She darts to anticipate his action.

322. EXT. DANAHER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: ANOTHER ANGLE

FEATURING the machine with its glowing firebox. Mary Kate reaches the machine a step before Sean and with a proud air, she pulls open the door of the firebox -- heedless of her fingers. The flames lick out. With a gesture as proud as hers, he flings the money into the fire -- and she slams the door shut. They face each other, then, smiling into each other's eyes -- and all the quarrel between them forgotten.

But a bull-roar from Danaher claims attention.

DANAHER'S VOICE: (o.s.)

My money!

323. EXT. DANAHER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: FULL

The wastage of his wealth drives the big man berserk.

DANAHER: (continuing)

My good money!

And he makes a rush at Sean, his right swinging back for a flailing roundhouse blow.

Sean gives Mary Kate a push out of the way -- and he ducks under the blow.

SEAN: (grimly)

Okay brother... you've been begging for it!

And as Danaher turns, Sean crosses a head-jolting left under Danaher's guard, seconds it with a right to the gut that stops the big man's charge right there and drops him to his knees.

A roar goes up from the crowd and every eye is on Danaher -- except Mary Kate's. She has thought for no one but her husband, standing up finally against her brother.

Slowly Danaher gets to his feet and, like a Goliath girding for battle, divests himself of his jacket or vest, rolls up his sleeves.

But during this, Mary Kate proudly walks to where Sean stands and, in the expectant hush of the crowd, her words -- though quiety spoken -- are clearly heard.

MARY KATE: (with utter simplicity)

I'll be going along home now... I'll have your supper ready.

And without another word or a backward look, she starts away.

324. EXT. DANAHER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: REVERSE ANGLE

Mary Kate pauses only long enough to pick up her shawl-bundle where she had dropped it and then continues through the crowd. The men make way for her and tip their hats as she passes.

325. EXT. DANAHER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: ANOTHER ANGLE

BEHIND the crowd. As Mary Kate passes through the lane of men and Approaches the Camera on her way home. Her expression is completely untroubled. Behind her the men close the gap in their ranks, forming a solid cordon around Sean and Danaher -- and then there is a crowd roar as Danaher goes charging into action against Sean. Mary Kate's lips tighten and compress and her hand goes to her fast-beating heart. But it is only a momentary reaction and she continues on her way.

326. EXT. DANAHER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: FULL

The fight. Danaher's bull-like charge forces Sean to give ground. His head weaves away from Danaher's roundhouse rights and left as he back-pedals into the crowd. The crowd gives way behind him. Sean dodges beneath one of Danaher's swings and again is out in the clear.

He circles Danaher -- a beautifully-balanced ring veteran -- spearing him with straight lefts and short rights with plenty of power behind them and yet seeming to give Danaher no more trouble than gnat-stings.

327. EXT. DANAHER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE:

ANGLE ON Michaeleen. He has hopped up on his sidecar and is feverishly making book on the fight, his pencil flying as he jots the entries in his little black ledger. A cluster of men are around him, still trying to watch the fight while they shove their pound notes at him.

MICHAELEEN: (calling the odds)

Three to one Danaher beats him... three to one... I'm giving...

FORBES:

I'll take some of that... Ten pounds on Thornton!

MICHAELEEN:

Done! ... Anyone else favor my friend, the Yank...?

The crowd surges back away from the sidecar and Michaeleen shakes the reins over Norah's back and the horse moves away -- as Sean is again being driven back by a mighty rush from Danaher, catching his blows on his arms or dodging them, impeding the big man with his flicking left fist, but giving ground all the time.

328. EXT. DANAHER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: FULL

Danaher's rush and Sean's back-pedalling have brought the two men through the crowd and out onto the road. Sean is still circling and backing, refusing to stand toe to toe and slug -- which is Danaher's fighting style.

Danaher drops his fists and glares at his opponent.

DANAHER: (an angry bellow)

Is this a fight or a foot-race?

There is a seconding laugh from the crowd -- a laugh with a touch of derision in it.

AD LIBS:

'Tis a dancing exhibition!
Sure he's two lengths in front right now!
He wants to play tag with you!

329. EXT. DANAVER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: ANOTHER ANGLE

FAVORING Sean. The taunting of the crowd and of Danaher decide him to change his tactics. He drives into action. And now it is Danaher who goes reeling backwards down the road -- knocked from one side of the lane to the other by hammer-blow piston strokes of rights and lefts into head and body. The big man staggers, but never loses his feet.

The crowd roars its approval as it strings out along the road, pacing the two combatants.

PROMINENT among the spectators are the WATER CARRIERS. There are four of them, one of whom is Aloysius Feeney. They have picked up two large wooden tubs -- two men to a tub -- and they stumble along after the fighters with a great air of importance and complete seriousness at all times. No fighter is knocked down -- or even caught in a pause where they can get at him -- without their rushing up to "splash" him. Even when not mentioned, these four will always be in evidence, getting in everyone's way, lifting their gigantic tubs over stiles, running up and down the sides of ditches, pushing, shoving, calling upon all to "make way" for them.

330. EXT. DANAVER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: ANGLE

On Michaeleen.

MICHAELEEN:

Two to one's all I'll give .... Oh--OH -- even money, no better!

331. EXT. DANAVER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: CLOSE

Sean and Danaher. Slugging it out, toe to toe.

332. EXT. DANAVER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: CLOSE

On Forbes.

FORBES: (apprehensive)

No, Sean, no! ... Keep away from him!

333. EXT. DANAVER'S FIELDS - NEAR THE HOUSE: FULL

The fight. Forbes' warning comes too late. Danaher connects and Sean goes reeling back to fall full length in the dust. As the watchers roar, Sean gets to an elbow and rubs the back of his hand across his bloodied mouth. The Water Carriers rush up and give him a bucket-like slosh from a tub, which almost drowns him. The other pair comes up behind Danaher and pours some over him.

Sean gets to his feet with new respect for his opponent.

Danaher charges him again and Sean back-pedals down the road, taking a lot of punishment in spite of all his cunning and footwork.

334. INT. MRS. TILLANE'S LIVING ROOM:

Mrs. Playfair is standing tip-toe on a low, three-legged footstool planted to the side of a window overlooking the fields and the distant fight. Holding back the curtain, she is watching the fight through a pair of long-handled, lorgnette-type opera glasses.

Mrs. Tillane is sitting in a nearby chair, pretending to read a book.

Over the scene we will hear, at intervals, the shouts of the distant crowd as one fighter or the other has a brief advantage.

MRS. PLAYFAIR: (shrill with excitement)

He's knocked him down again!

(crowd roar)

Listen to them! O, the wicked brutality of men! Oooh!

Mrs. Playfair has seen something which shocks her. She averts and shields her eyes with an expression of Victorian innocence -- and then immediately bends back for a closer look.

MRS. PLAYFAIR: (continuing)

If the bishop had seen that I shudder to think... Oh! Now HE'S down!

Mrs. Tillane lowers her book with exasperation.

MRS. TILLANE:

Elizabeth, will you please come away from that window!

Mrs. Playfair moves away with some reluctance.

MRS. PLAYFAIR:

How can you sit with your nose in a book? .... Don't you CARE who wins?

MRS. TILLANE: (pretending to read)

Why should I?

Mrs. Playfair peers at the book, snatches it from Mrs. Tillane, and turns it right side up -- the widow had been holding it upside down.

MRS. PLAYFAIR: (during this)

You don't fool me, Sarah Tillane!

There is a great roar from the crowd outside. And this -- and Mrs. Playfair's nosiness -- are too much for the widow. She gets up.

MRS. TILLANE: (shrilly)

Leave me alone!

And she starts for the window, with Mrs. Playfair following.

335. EXT. NEAR BRIDGE AND BROOK - AT THE FIGHT:

The milling crowd is beside itself with excitement, yelling cries of encouragement to Sean and Danaher who can be seen only when there is a gap in the ranks. Sean's shirt is ripped at the sleeve and split half up the back. Danaher's face is bruised and one leg of his pants is split way up the seam -- which probably happened when Mrs. Playfair yelled "oooh!"

AD LIBS:

That's it, Will ...
Now ye've got him!
Good boy, Yank ... hit him again!

336. INT. TILLANE LIVING ROOM:

As before, but with Mrs. Tillane staring grimly through the glasses. Mrs. Playfair is studying her with concern.

MRS. TILLANE: (with intensity)

I hope Thornton beats him senseless!

MRS. PLAYFAIR: (troubled)

Now really, Sarah, Mister Thornton is a married man!

MRS. TILLANE: (impatiently)

Who cares about <u>him?</u> ... It's that big, bellowing bully concerns me!

(imitating Danaher)

'I'm the best man in Inisfree'.

MRS. TILLANE: (continues in normal voice)

As if I didn't know that! .... But he'll be a better man when he stops thinking he's the best one! .... I hope Thornton beats him to his knees!

Mrs. Playfair stares, then smiles a little -- relieved that she was right, after all, in her conspiracy.

337. EXT. NEAR BRIDGE AND BROOK - AT THE FIGHT: FULL

Sean comes staggering back from a Danaher blow and drops to one knee. He pauses a moment, getting his breath back. In the background Michaeleen is shouting his "encouragement" to his friend.

MICHAELEEN: (worried for his bets)

That's enough, Sean ... Don't overdo it!

But Sean puts his foot back under him and goes charging back at Danaher. The two trade wallops as the CROWD GOES CLATTERING OVER THE BRIDGE. Sean drives Danaher back into the brook and follows after him until the water swirls up around their knees. Danaher slips and goes to a sitting position in the water.

Into the stream after him comes one pair of water carriers and with a will they douse him with half the tub. Danaher sits there choking and gasping. The water carriers replenish their supply and continue across the brook.

WATER CARRIER: (chiding his pal)

Don't spill it now! Easy! Easy!

Sean, still standing, sucks air in great gulps. He looks at Danaher and grins a little, with puffed lips.

SEAN:

You're a good fighting man, Danaher, I'll say that for you.

DANAHER: (grudgingly)

Well -- and if it comes to that, it's been a pleasure beatin' ye.

He gets to his feet and starts to square off. Then, taking stock of their watery situation, he makes a gesture of impatience and wades across and out of the brook. Sean follows.

338. EXT. NEAR BRIDGE AND BROOK - SKY LINE; LONG

A line of shawled women, like crows on a ridge pole, stand quietly watching at a discreet distance.

339. EXT. FAR SIDE OF BROOK: FULL

Danaher, being the first to clamber out, extends a helping hand to Sean and pulls him up the bank. Then he squares off again.

DANAHER:

Ready?

SEAN:

Any time.

And the fight resumes, with Danaher bulling in, shaking off Sean's stabbing lefts as though they were feather-dusters and carrying him backward down the road toward Inisfree.

340. INT. POLICE BARRACKS (SECTIONAL DETAIL):

A wall, a desk, a telephone.

Sergeant Hanan, out of breath and expectant, is leaning intently on the desk as a young constable is speaking into the phone.

CONSTABLE: (urgently)

Yes, sir ... Yes, inspector ... It looks like a riot ... Sergeant says we will need more men.

HANAN:

All he can spare, tell him!

CONSTABLE:

What's that, sir? ...

(surprised)

What?

(long pause)

Yes, sir, inspector ... I'll tell him. At once!

He hangs up and looks at Hanan.

CONSTABLE: (continuing)

Inspector says you are to put five pounds on Danaher for him!

341. EXT. INISFREE STREET - NEAR CHURCH: FULL

The fight is sweeping on into the town. Danaher misses a wild swing at Sean and Sean clips him neatly on the jaw. Down goes Danaher to his knees. Danaher puts one foot under him, then glances off. He discovers he is right in front of the church. So he quickly blesses himself. Sean sees what he is doing and follows suit. Then Danaher is on his feet and charging into a furious melee, which carries Sean on down the street.

342. EXT. INISFREE STREET - NEAR CHURCH: ANOTHER ANGLE

As the men chase after the fighters, they tip their hats at the church as they pass -- even the water carriers.

Michaeleen in his cart is out ahead of the crowd, pacing the fighters.

343. INT. DAN TOBIN'S CABIN.

Old Dan lies with closed eyes on his little bed. His eyes are closed and his breath comes rasping in a reasonable facsimile of the death rattle. On his knees beside the bed kneels young Father Paul, in cassock and biretta, murmuring the prayers for the dying. Behind him in the shadows are the shawled women, sobbing quietly.

The shutters near old Tobin's bed are swung almost shut, so that merely a narrow beam of light filters through.

The fight crowd noise begins as a murmur, barely disturbing the drone of the prayers, but suddenly it swells and snatches of shouts are heard.

AD LIBS: (o.s.)

Give it to him!
What a blow!
Good man, Danaher!

Tobin opens one eye, listening -- a remarkably bright eye.

344. EXT.INISFREE STREET - NEARING TOBIN'S HOUSE:

The fight is moving relentlessly toward Tobin's little house, with Sean and Danaher still swinging, but getting a little tired of it now.

345. INT. TOBIN'S COTTAGE:

As a great roar goes up from the crowd, Dan Tobin outdoes Lazarus. He sits bolt upright in the bed and throws open the shutters.

TOBIN: (bawling outside)

What is it? What is it?

346. EXT. TOBIN COTTAGE:

A STRIPLING is racing down the street as Old Tobin has his head out the window.

STRIPLING:

Will Danaher is fighting the Yank from America!

347. INT. TOBIN COTTAGE:

Old Dan reaches for his stick and, beating the floor and bouncing in the bed, he resembles nothing so much as a P-38 revving up for the take-off.

TOBIN:

Git me out o' this! ... Up the rebels! ... Up the rebels!

348. EXT. THE COTTAGE:

As Father Paul races out and two stalwart men pause -- listening to Tobin's yells inside. They rush in and Father Paul takes off on the run.

349. EXT. ACROSS THE FIELDS: FULL

Father Paul, cassock hiked up, sprinting off for reinforcements -- Father Lonergan.

350. EXT. TOBIN COTTAGE:

The two men seen a moment before now emerge, carrying Tobin -- bed and all -- with the old man beating right and left with his cane, screaming:

TOBIN:

Up the rebels!

351. EXT. BROOK: FULL

Father Lonergan, fishing hat on head, is hooked into a good trout and is playing him like an expert as Father Paul comes up on the gallop.

FATHER PAUL: (breathless)

Father! ... It's a big fight in the town.

LONERGAN: (engrossed in the fishing)

Oh?

FATHER PAUL:

I'd have put a stop to it ...

LONERGAN:

You do that! It's your duty ...

FATHER PAUL:

But seeing it was Danaher and Sean Thornton ...

LONERGAN: (dropping his rod)

Danaher and ...! Ho-Ho! Why didn't you tell me sooner?

Grabbing Father Paul by the arm, he clambers up the bank from the stream -- CAMERA MOVING.

LONERGAN:

Hurry you now to Mister Playfair's ...

FATHER PAUL:

We can stop it without any help from him.

LONERGAN:

Who's talking of stopping it? I want the loan of

Lonergan comes to a stop, glaring off:

LONERGAN: (sourly)

Never mind.

352. EXT. BROOK: FULL

FROM HIS ANGLE inching along a section of wall, behind which they are taking cover, are Mister Playfair and his Bishop. The Bishop has the binoculars and is studying the fight.

353. EXT. BROOK - OVER THE WALL: CLOSE

Bishop and Playfair.

BISHOP: (lowering the glasses)

Three to one on the big chap, Snuffy?

PLAYFAIR: (horse-trading)

Givin' or takin'?

BISHOP:

Givin'.

The Bishop tentatively extends his hand.

PLAYFAIR:

Taken!

He clinches the deal with the handshake -- and he looks back at the fight, smiling like a Cheshire.

354. EXT. INISFREE STREET - NEAR PUB:

The crowd makes way -- of necessity -- as Dan Tobin is borne through the pack held aloft in his bed on the shoulders of his two bearers. He is flailing right and left with his cane.

TOBIN:

Now and forever, Man O' the Thorntons!
Mo yerm thu! Mo yerm thu, Sean! (My choice thou!)

355. EXT. INISFREE STREET - NEAR PUB: ANOTHER ANGLE

The fight. Danaher is standing spread-legged, flat-footed now -- like a bear at bay -- as Sean circles him, trying to land a knock-out punch. The forward movement of the crowd has stopped, but the press of the mob from behind continues -- constantly narrowing the cleared area in which the fighters are moving. Sean moves in and clips Danaher a good one. He goes rocking back into the crowd but is propelled out by willing hands.

Men take up the shout:

AD LIBS:

Move on ...
Give them room here ...
Get along now ...

356. EXT. INISFREE STREET - NEAR PUB: ANGLE

ON Michaeleen. He is the cause of the road-block -- or rather the horse is. "Himself" has come to a stubborn stop at the pub and none of Michaeleen's flailing with his whip can budge him.

MICHAELEEN: (to crowd)

It's the pub -- the pub! ... Himself won't pass it without me stopping like a gentleman!

357. EXT. INISFREE STREET - NEAR PUB: CLOSE

ON Forbes, laughing.

FORBES:

The horse has more sense than any of us ... Open up, Pat!

358. EXT. INISFREE STREET - NEAR PUB: ANGLE

On pub. As Pat Cohan runs to the steps. He holds up his hands. The fight has come to a stop.

PAT COHAN: (calling)

Principals only ... Red Will! Sean!

359. EXT. INISFREE STREET - NEAR PUB: CLOSE

Sean and Will. They look at each other wearily and warily -- as if to say "How's about it." Then Danaher nods and lowers his fists.

DANAHER:

I don't mind if I do!

(glaring at Sean)

Not that I'm tired, y'understand? I'm fresh as a daisy!

SEAN: (grinning)

You look more like a black-eyed Susan!

DANAHER: (defensively)

It's just a bit o' mud ... I'll wash it ...

He gets no further with his "wash it" when the water carriers HIT him with a slosh which sends him gasping up the steps ... and they do the same for Sean.

360. EXT. BROOK - SECTION OF WALL: MED. CLOSE

Bishop and Playfair. The Bishop is peering through the glasses. When he lowers them, his face is puzzled.

BISHOP:

Why .... why, they seem to be going into the pub, Snuffy ... Is it over?

PLAYFAIR: (slight smile)

No, your Lordship ... 'tis only the end of the first round.

The Bishop stares round-eyed.

361. INT. THE PUB:

With Pat leading the way, the two wet-haired, bruised and battered antagonists enter the bar.

PAT: (entering and going behind the bar)

Let's see now -- whisky -- no that'd be too warm... It'd get your blood up ... Porther's the very thing ...

He goes about the drinks.

DANAHER:

Ah, it's peaceful an' quiet in here, isn't it?

SEAN:

Yeah.

DANAHER: (chuckling)

Ye know this has been a fight I'd come a long way to see!

SEAN:

I hope you can stick around for the finish.

DANAHER:

Don't you worry about that! Y'know Yank, I've begun to take a liking to you...

He takes a long pull at his drink. So does Sean.

DANAHER: (continuing)

Your widow, me sister, could have done a lot worse, poor woman.

Sean's mouth sets a little. He reaches for some change and slaps it on the bar.

SEAN:

Fill 'em up again.

DANAHER: (sour)

You'll buy no drinks for me!

He slaps some change on the bar.

COHAN: (the peacemaker)

They're on the house, gentlemen.

DANAHER:

An' I'm taking no drink from you, y'squint!

SEAN: (just as stubborn)

I'm buying...

DANAHER: (turning on him)

You can buy me a drink at your wake and not before!

362. EXT. NEAR PUB DOOR: ANGLE

The lounging men suddenly stiffen and whirl with interest at hot words from within. Then there is a roar, a smack, a crash -- and out of the pub -- door frame and all -- comes Sean, with Danaher on the rampage behind him.

363. EXT. BROOK - SECTION OF WALL: MED.

On Playfair and the Bishop. Playfair has a calm smile on his face -- the smile of a man who is merely waiting for the bank to open before cashing his check. The Bishop, peering through the glasses, winces in sympathy with a blow.

BISHOP:

Wow!

PLAYFAIR:

Round two!

364. EXT. STREET - NEAR PUB: FULL

Sean is on his feet and is chopping Danaher down to size. He is fighting now with deadly skill -- boxing once again, not mixing it up.

365. EXT. STREET: - CLOSE

On Forbes in crowd, Michaeleen beside him. Forbes is happy and Michaeleen is too -- forgetting for a moment what he has at stake.

FORBES: (calling)

That's it, Sean ... box him, don't fight him.

MICHAELEEN: (cheering Sean)

O, did y'see that left... That's the...

(stricken)

What am I sayin'? He's ruinin' me!

366. EXT. STREET - NEAR PUB: CLOSE

On Sean and Danaher. Danaher's head is snapping back from hard-landing rights and lefts. The big man is fighting still, but he is fighting only from instinct.

367. EXT. BROOK - SECTION OF WALL: MED. CLOSE

On Lonergan and Father Paul. Hidden behind the wall they are watching the melee.

FATHER PAUL: (apprehensive)

Don't you think we should stop it now, Father?

LONERGAN: (eyes shining)

Yes, we should. Indeed we should!

But he pointedly makes no move to budge and, in fact, puts a restraining hand on Father Paul's shoulder.

368. EXT. STREET - NEAR PUB: FULL

On fight. This is the finish. Danaher makes one last rush. Sean stops him with a left, sinks a right cross into his belly, straightens his head with a left uppercut and then drives a short, merciful right flush onto the button of his chin. With that Sean steps back. The crowd hushes -- for just a moment.

Danaher's eyes glaze. He sways like a giant tree. Then he falls forward, full length, and he doesn't even quiver when he hits the ground. Michaeleen runs to stand above the fallen man.

MICHAELEEN:

Get up, Danaher! Get up! ... Ah, I'm a ruined man!

And poor Michaeleen turns and staggers away, hands plucking his trouser pockets inside out as he goes.

Meanwhile all hell has broken loose in the crowd. Men are converging on Sean to slap his back and to shake his hand.

Simultaneously Sergeant Hanan and three constables -- with a belated sense of duty -- come shouldering through the crowd, asserting their authority and putting on a fine air of outrage.

And Father Lonergan and Father Paul are ready at last "to put a stop to it" and they come forward with stern and censorious faces.

CROWD AD LIBS:

A great fight!
I never thought I'd see the day.
He had it coming to him!
Let me shake your hand!

SERGEANT HANAN & CONSTABLES:

What is going on here! Move along now!
Move along! Who has been disturbing the peace here? Move along!

369. EXT. STREET: ANOTHER ANGLE

PAST the crowd TOWARD Lonergan's wall. The good Father is scrambling over the wall now, followed by Father Paul. He glares off toward the hills.

LONERGAN: (bawling)

What are you women doing there!

370. EXT. THE HILLTOP: LONG

The line of shawled women breaks and they go scattering in all directions, with the indignant cries of the priest in their ears.

LONERGAN'S VOICE: (o.s.)

Have you no sense of decency! Go to your homes -- all of you!

371. EXT. STREET: ANGLE

On crowd, as Lonergan comes storming up to the heart of the group, his face a fine mask of righteous indignation and reproach.

LONERGAN: (continuing)

Who's been fighting here ... Have you been fighting your poor brother-in-law, Sean Thornton?

Lonergan stands over the prostrate but now stirring Danaher. He clucks reproachfully.

LONERGAN:

Ah, it's disgraceful...

He helps others assist the tottering, still-dazed Danaher to his feet. The crowd is breaking up, being shooed away by the policemen -- who may be having some trouble with old Dan Tobin as his bed-bearers carry him away. Sean and Danaher stand face to face again.

LONERGAN:

Now I want you to shake hands .. the both of you!

Danaher rubs his jaw, then a grin splits his battered face and he shoves out his mighty paw. Sean grins back and takes it.

DANAHER:

Well, it's all in the family, anyway!

DISSOLVE TO:

372. EXT. LANE NEAR PLAYFAIR'S CHURCH: (DAY)

A little later. Mrs. Playfair is coming home from the Widow Tillane's and her face is sheepish. She has the timorous air of a woman who has just crumpled a fender and has to confess it. As she turns in the gate, THE CAMERA PANS her to Mister Playfair who is humming a little tune as he stands -- with his back to her and unmindful of her

arrival -- shadow-boxing in imitation of Sean's fighting stance. He wheels as he hears her step.

MRS. PLAYFAIR:

Cyril, I do hope you won't scold me... but...

(in a rush)

I have lost three pounds to Mrs. Tillane... I realize I should not have bet but ...

She breaks off, staring in consternation.

373. EXT. LANE NEAR PLAYFAIR'S CHURCH: ANOTHER ANGLE

The Bishop has come out of the vicarage and is coming down the path, fanning a freshly-written check.

BISHOP:

Here you are, Snuffy... fifteen pounds...Let me know if they ever put on a three-rounder, will you?... O, hullo, Elizabeth!

She makes him a curtsy, but she is furious with her betting husband.

MRS. PLAYFAIR:

Your Lordship...

BISHOP:

Where've you been all the day?

PLAYFAIR: (with a twinkle)

Charity calls.

MRS. PLAYFAIR: (stiff-backed -- heading inside)

I'll make your tea -- SNUFFY!

373A. INT. WHITE O'MORNING: (TWILIGHT)

Mary Kate, in her prettiest dress, is putting the final touches to the dinner table.

SEAN'S VOICE: (o.s.)

Woman of the house!

With a bright, eager smile, Mary Kate flies to the door and opens it wide. The lamplight falls on Sean's face -- (NOTE: We can safely assume that both men have cleaned up as best they can, but are still bruised and tattered.) Sean is smiling.

SEAN:

I've brought the brother home for supper.

And with that, Danaher steps up beside him -- a little sheepish, not quite sure of his welcome -- but obviously hopeful.

MARY KATE:

He is kindly welcome.

Danaher gratefully starts into the house.

DANAHER:

God bless all here!

MARY KATE:

Wipe your muddy feet -- the whole of you!

And with a pleased little smile to herself, she faces back into her woman's domain. And the two great men, like a pair of abashed small boys -- yet liking this bullying by a woman -- stand on the mat and scrape their muddy feet.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

374. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE UNDER A SERENE SKY: (DAY) WIDE ANGLE

NARRATOR:

And so the village of Inisfree is at peace again...

375. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE UNDER A SERENE SKY: FULL

DOWN one side of the main street. It could be a quiet Sunday morning, with old Dan Tobin at his doorstep, rocking a cradle, and not another soul in sight -- save perhaps Sergeant Hanan slowly pedalling his bicycle up the street.

NARRATOR: (continuing)

...drowsing under the sun and going its quiet way as it has for centuries...

At this point, old Dan gets up to grab a rock and hurl at his ancient adversary, the Police, only to be restrained as before by his vigilant daughter, running from within the house.

NARRATOR: (continuing)

...with nothing to disturb its quaint serenity but the... WHAT'S THIS!

The CAMERA DOES A FAST PAN to show the other side of the street. Lined up, backs to the CAMERA, seems to be half the population of Inisfree...men and women alike.

NARRATOR: (in alarm)

Oh no!... Not another fight! It couldn't be!

376. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE - MAIN STREET: ANOTHER ANGLE

FAVORING Father Lonergan. The good man is clutching his coat collar -- or perhaps has a scarf around his neck -- so as to conceal his Roman collar. He is addressing his lined-up flock, but with one eye watching up the street.

LONERGAN:

Now remember! I want you all to cheer him as if you were Protestants... NOW!

(ALTERNATE LINE)

Now remember! I want you to cheer him as though you meant it. NOW!

And with that Lonergan whips off his hat and leads the halloos.

377. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE - MAIN STREET: FULL

The crowd breaks into a great cheering and hallooing as down the street comes Mister Playfair's Model-T, with Mister Playfair driving and the Bishop in the back seat.

378. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE - MAIN STREET: CLOSE

On the car. Playfair stares in complete amazement and then he smiles his gratitude. The poor man is not far from tears.

Behind him the Bishop -- who is taking it all for granted -- beams his pleasure and he bows to the cheering "congregationers". CAMERA MOVES to INCLUDE the lined up crowd. SHOOTING PAST the car, if possible, or FROM an ANGLE suggestive of the Bishop's POINT OF VIEW.

SERIES OF SHOTS: MOVING

379. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE - MAIN STREET:

The railway conductor from Castletown.

379A. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE - MAIN STREET:

The station agent.

379B. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE - MAIN STREET:

The fishwoman -- possibly waving a fish.

379C. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE - MAIN STREET:

The locomotive driver and the engineman.

380. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE - MAIN STREET:

Pat Cohan, the pub owner.

380A. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE - MAIN STREET:

Captain Guppy.

380B. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE - MAIN STREET:

Hugh Forbes and Owen Glynn.

380C. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE - MAIN STREET:

Father Paul -- one hand holding his coat collar closed.

381. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE - MAIN STREET:

Dermot Fahy, the fiddler.

381A. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE - MAIN STREET:

Aloysius Feeney.

381B. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE - MAIN STREET:

Mrs. Playfair with Father Lonergan. And she squeezes his arm to say "thanks".

381C. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE - MAIN STREET:

Sean and Mary Kate radiant, with her arm in his.

They are all laughing, waving, tipping their hats, fluttering scarves -- and if AD LIBS be needed:

381C. CONTINUED:

AD LIBS: (if needed)

Hurray for Lordship!
Hup-Hup f'r the Bishop!
Safe journey, y'r Reverence!

And the Bishop passes out of range...the CAMERA PICKS UP first the horse -- and then Michaeleen as he drives his little sidecar. Michaeleen is dressed in his formal "shuagraun" clothing and he sits his bedecked sidecar with great dignity.

MICHAELEEN: (sternly)

No pattyfingers now!... Hands to y'self... the proprieties at all times!

As his high-stepping cob continues on, we see his other passengers. The Widow Tillane, coquettish on her side of the car, dressed to the hilt -- and, on the other side, Red Will Danaher wearing the same sort of rig that Sean wore for his courting -- derby hat, stiff collar, gloves and little nosegay -- which he is just extending to the Widow. Not even the mouse under his eye and the lump on his nose can dim the ardor of Danaher's gaze.

382. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE - MAIN STREET: FULL

As the cob goes stepping down the street, past the people there is laughter and shouts of good-humored encouragement and Father Lonergan and Mrs. Playfair chuckly and wag their heads. The music over all the foregoing will be lively and gay. And when the cob has gone far enough along the road....

CUT TO:

383. EXT. VILLAGE OF INISFREE: FULL
On Sean and Mary Kate hand in hand -- wending up the road to White o' Morning and home.

THE END